

THE DIAL

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THE APPRECIATION OF LITERATURE.

A great deal of printed matter, intended for the admonition and guidance of young people, is put forth every year upon the subject of books and reading. Sometimes it takes the futile form of an annotated list or course of study; sometimes it consists of mere rhetorical vaporizing; occasionally it combines instruction with counsel in a really helpful and inspiring way. But this aim is not to be reached either by pretentious twaddle or by rigorous prescription, for the former is rarely imposing and the latter is rarely practical. The fundamental difficulty of the problem is to be met only by a clear recognition of the fact that literary appreciation is an individual concern, and that, while standards of taste undoubtedly exist and their acquisition should be the ultimate goal of every reader, they are attained to by many paths, and it would be a wise man indeed who should know how to mark out the course best fitted for another's steps.

The best of all agencies for the inculcation of a sound literary taste is the home library, well stocked with books new and old (especially old), accessible to the child from the days of his early toddlings, and offering him its unaffected welcome. But the old-fashioned home library, in the sense in which we read of it in the literature of memoir and autobiography, hardly exists to-day; and even in families where it is found, the tranquil delights which it offers to the young people of the household are forced into too sharp a competition with the exciting allurements of the outside world. These distractions, for the most part trivial if not unwholesome, enlist the energies that might easily have been turned into bookish channels, and the precious years of childhood — the only years in which the best foundations of the intellectual life may be laid — are frittered away in external frivolities, sacrificed to the mischievous sentiment which permits children to run wild because they enjoy it, and because their parents like to see them happy.

The influence of the home library failing us, we must look to the agencies of the public library and the school to unfold for our young people the joys of reading, which are also much more than present joys, since they have the lasting effect of enlarging the contracted life of the

individual until it coincides with the sphere of all human experience. Of these two agencies, we are bound to say that the public library has risen more completely than the school to the true conception of their common task. The reason is simple enough. The library, with its enlightened modern methods and the realization of its educational function, treats the young reader as an individual; the school, shackled by system, treats him as a member of a regiment. And this makes all the difference between measurable success and certain failure. Prescribed books and courses and methods have their uses in some departments of educational activity, but their effect is absolutely pernicious when they are applied to literature as a school subject. And yet this obvious truth seems to make no impression upon the type of mind that somehow contrives to exercise educational authority in our schools, and the sort of teaching that makes literature hateful to young minds remains the only sort to receive the sanction of our pedagogical pundits.

If only such a book as that recently published by Professor Woodberry on "The Appreciation of Literature" were taken to heart by the framers of our educational programmes, there would quickly be an end of all teaching of the subject according to schedule, with marks and examinations as final causes. The author says:

"Without setting limits to study of whatever sort, for all modes of study have possible uses, it is to be laid down in general that all study of literature in the way of preparation to grasp and understand, whether it be linguistic, historical, or aesthetic, exists to be forgotten and laid off as soon as it is completed; its end is to withdraw one by one the veils, and leave the reader alone with the spirit of the book, which then speaks to him face to face."

This is absolutely true; and yet, in spite of it, our teachers continue to treat the scaffolding as if it were the building itself, and offer to eager young minds the sawdust of information as if it were the food for which the spirit craves.

The most contracted of minds may undoubtedly be enlarged by the mere process of accretion, but this is not organic growth. Rather does it stifle growth by encasing the developing faculties within a hard shell of fact, excluding the light and air they most need. If we are to strengthen the feeling for literature in the immature mind, we must first of all realize that study is only subsidiary to our purpose, that our real aim is to take the individual mind as we find it, selecting our means with reference to the particular stage of development it may have reached,

appealing to such sympathies and imaginative resources as it already exhibits, and at the same time slightly anticipating the emergence of powers now latent, but on the point of becoming active. For, as our author further says, every reader, young or old, "is at last thrown fairly back upon his own experience, or the kind and quality of the life he has lived, for his appreciation of literature. . . . If the light is not in him, he cannot see."

The fundamental lesson of all this is that, in dealing with the child, we must keep pretty close to the child's level.

"The natural introduction to literature for the very young is by means of that universal sort which is selected from all ages and requires no study, such as the stories of Scripture, short legendary tales of history, beast and bird fables, fairy tales and the like. They have, besides their intelligibility, the advantage of accustoming the mind to a make-believe world, natural to childish fancy, and so laying the foundation for that principle of convention which is fundamental in art and indispensable in its practice, and also of making the contemplation of imaginary experience habitual so that there is no shock between it and truth."

Even "nature-faking" gets a good word from Professor Woodberry.

"The transposition by which human experience is placed in the bird and beast world is a literary fiction; as an element in early education it helps to give that plasticity to the world of fact which is essential to the artistic interpretation of life and the imaginary habit of mind." If a few of these ideas were once fairly lodged in the pedagogical cranium, we should witness an amazing reform in educational methods, and we might save for other objects the sympathies we now have to lavish upon hapless boys and girls engaged in studying (in the name of literature!) such productions as Addison's Essays, and Burke on Conciliation, and Defoe on the London Plague.

We have taken these illustrative texts from Professor Woodberry's opening chapter on "First Principles." We might find others no less suggestive in the succeeding chapters, which discuss the appreciation of the several literary species — of lyrical, narrative, and domestic poetry, of the novel, the history, and the essay. The whole treatment is so admirable and so vital, so closely in touch with the essentials of the subject, that we wish for it the widest possible influence. And it would be difficult to sum up the entire matter with more truth and effective eloquence than we find in the closing sentences of the book.

"Study has great deadening power over life; and when the reader finds this deadening influence in his pursuit of literature, when personality begins to fade from the page, and the abstract, the parasitical, the fact

encroach, and literature becomes rather a form of knowledge than of life, then he is losing the proper good of literature; and he should seek again in himself and his authors the vitality of a personal touch, the connection of life, the power of human truth. The great thing is to remain alive in one's reading, and nowhere should the principle of life be more sacredly guarded than in its most immortal presence—imaginative literature and those other forms that take their color from its human methods."

CASUAL COMMENT.

PROOF-SHEET MARGINALIA offer, as a rule, even less of literary attraction than does the dictionary; but some of De Quincey's corrections of proof (and of printer) have a certain vituperative emphasis and vigor that make them lively reading. A few of his vehement and pithy remarks, culled from his proof-sheets, have lately found their way into print and are worth passing along. The little opium-eater was emphatically of the *genus irritabile*, put into a passion by a misspelt word or a misplaced comma, and making life miserable for his printers. The word "aerial" set up with initial diphthong called forth the following objurgatory apostrophe: "Oh, thou unknown compositor, dost thou mean to drive me to an early grave, dost thou not know that *aerial* was a word of four syllables in the times of the Greeks and the Romans, was then, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen!" In another instance, correcting the omission of a letter, the incensed author told the compositor, in language far from polite, that the missing letter was a necessary part of the word, and would remain so "when you are damned, or hanged for forgery." Proof-correctors are of many and unaccountable kinds. Leslie Stephen groaned over the frequent and outrageous misprints in his books, but declared himself unable to hold his mind down to the proof-reader's level. Evidently he should have employed a less lofty-minded person to act for him. Walter Pater, on the other hand, who certainly lived on no low plane, was never weary of correcting and re-correcting his proofsheets; in fact, he used to order a preliminary printing, at his own expense, solely for the purpose of seeing what corrections the types suggested that the manuscript did not. A somewhat similar passion on Balzac's part is known to all.

THE POET'S BEATIFIC VISION can induce oblivion of pelting rain, clinging mud, deafening roar of city streets, and all the nerve-racking accompaniments of urban existence. Witness this remembrance of the late Francis Thompson (already regrettably mentioned by us as one whose early promise had inspired hopes of memorable achievement still to come) from the pen of Mr. C. Lewis Hind: "The roads were ankle-deep in slush; a thin, icy rain was falling; the yellow fog enwrapped the pedestrians squelching down the lane; and, going through them in an arrow-path, I saw Francis Thompson, wet and mud-splattered. But he was not unhappy. What is a day of unpleasant weather to one who lives in eternity? His lips were moving, his head was raised, his eyes were humid with emotion; for above the roof of the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company, in the murk of the fog, he saw beatific visions." But we are all human, and one touch of nature makes the whole world kin; therefore we must proceed a little further

with these reminiscences. Thompson had reviewed Henley's "Collected Poems," and Henley had asked Mr. Hind to bring the younger poet to see him. "That was a memorable afternoon, but it did not begin auspiciously. Thompson was an hour late in calling for me at the office; when we reached Muswell Hill railway station he complained of hunger, ate a vast quantity of cold beef, and then alarmed me by gliding into a trance. Suddenly he became rigid, his body swayed, and a film came over his eyes. It seemed as if his soul had flitted temporarily from his body." Instead of a trance, was it not rather an attack of acute indigestion, or stomach-ache, after all that cold beef? But whatever the seizure, it passed off, and the two poets held high converse together.

THE CLAIMS OF GREEK LITERATURE will not be silenced by any Harrovian head-master's pronouncement, such as that recently uttered. Educational waste may be, and ought to be, diminished by ceasing to impose the reading of *Æschylus* on a youth who cannot even make anything out of Shakespeare. Individual aptitudes are receiving, in these days of rapidly multiplying "electives," more careful attention; but that the human mind is ever likely to undergo such a change as to render it incapable of reaping profit from the study of the Greek and Latin languages and literatures, is almost unthinkable. So long as man has a wit to be sharpened, an intelligence to be broadened, a power of self-utterance to be developed, the most perfect medium of literary expression, as displayed in the masterpieces of Greek history and philosophy, drama and oratory, should be to him an educational instrument and an intellectual solace. That the ancient classics should ever again dominate the school curriculum, as they once did, is not to be expected any more than that this modern life of multifarious interests and activities should yield to a return of mediaeval narrowness of outlook and slowness of movement. It is unnatural for the present-day American to regard facility in speaking and writing Latin as the one indispensable mark of a gentleman and scholar, just as it is unnatural for the twentieth-century Dutchman to look upon tulip-culture as the most important and most delightful of human occupations.

AN "AUTHORITATIVE" LIFE OF HENRY IRVING, following with due deliberation after the two somewhat precipitate biographies by Mr. Bram Stoker and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, is promised by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. The satisfactory and final account of Irving and his art this journal has already declared to be among the books still to be desired, and it gives us pleasure to quote the publisher's announcement: "We beg to inform you that the authoritative Life of Henry Irving is in preparation, and will be published by us next autumn. The biography is being written by Mr. Austin Brereton, an old and intimate personal friend of the great actor, who was supplied with much valuable and unique material for the work by Sir Henry Irving himself. Sir Henry's sons, Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Laurence Irving, who are the executors under their father's will, have given their cordial consent to Mr. Brereton's undertaking, and have supplied him for the purpose of this book with all the records and other documents relating to their father which they possess. As this will be the authorized biography of Henry Irving, it is desirous that it should be as comprehensive as possible, and all owners of letters of public interest

in regard to the subject, whether written by the deceased actor or others, are requested to be kind enough to send them for perusal — and, if considered desirable, publication — to Mr. Austin Brereton, 26 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W., London, who will be responsible for their safety and immediate return."

UNIFORMITY IN CATALOGUE CARDS AND CATALOGUING CODES is being rapidly effected by the increasing use of the cards printed and sold by the Library of Congress. In the past year 952 subscribers, chiefly public libraries, were supplied — an increase of 188 over the preceding year. The whole amount paid by these 952 institutions for cards purchased during the twelve months was \$19,222; and as the saving effected through the use of these cards is estimated at from four to seven times their cost, the cataloguing bureau at Washington would appear to set free from \$76,000 to \$134,000 annually for the purchase of library books and the supplying of other important library needs. The total number of titles now covered by these cards is 280,000, of which 55,000 represent the past year's additions. It is pleasant to think how much pen-scratching, or type-writer thumping, is saved to these 952 libraries throughout the land. How many cases of writer's cramp may have been thus prevented, and how much human energy and intelligence released for less grinding and machine-like toil than this dreary and never-ending manufacture of author-cards, title-cards, subject-cards, cross-reference-cards, and so on, through all the subordinate varieties! In a mild degree, it is as if the problem of pain had been rendered a little less heart-breaking by the substitution (let us say) of one central toothache for fifty thousand separate and independent toothaches.

A PRIZE COMPETITION OF POETS is "on" in England. A great tobacco-house, recognizing that music hath charms to soothe the smoker's breast, has offered a prize for the best lay that shall sing the praises of the firm's nicotine products. And such a prize! "A freehold furnished country house, with pony and trap, stabling, bath, electric light, and £2 per week pension for life." Who would not be a rhymer, with such a reward of merit before his eyes! Edward FitzGerald used to aver that everyone could, once at least in a lifetime, turn out a copy of "occasional" verses; and surely here is an occasion well worth rising to — worth £104 per annum, and house and stable, bath and pony and electric light, besides. But to compete with any chance of success one ought, in the poetic fitness of things, to be an impassioned smoker and write under the immediate influence of the great tobacco firm's choicest brand of Havana cigars; and as not all of us are smokers (far less chewers or snuff-takers) we cannot, alas, all hope to win the "two pound per" and accompanying etceteras. But we could n't all hope to win, anyway; so there is still consolation for our disappointment.

A QUAINTELY INTERESTING ANNUAL, but of a very different quaintness from that of our grandparents' annuals — those prim posy-beds of sentimental poetry that used to grace the marble-topped drawing-room table — makes its new year's appearance from historic old Marblehead, in Massachusetts. Like the blessings of fresh air and pure water and genial sunshine, it is dispensed without money and without price. The Marblehead business man who issues this welcome annual — it is, in plain words, a seed catalogue — will

never be tempted to burn his books, because he has no books to burn, so far as may be judged from his frank account of his business methods. These methods have built up a large and prosperous trade, which now in his eightieth year the head of the house hands over to the care of his son, "who has served an apprenticeship of half a century to the calling." Assured that the younger man will continue the older's policy of dealing with others as he would have them deal with him, the father thus concludes his preface to his patrons: "Should mankind, as individuals or nations, but accept this as a rule of life, we should need no Hague conferences, and State prisons might be turned into brick quarries. In these days, when so many of our fellow-men in other callings are overweighed with heavy business responsibilities, my brother farmers, we make up that fortunate class which, affiliating with neither poverty nor riches, can enjoy a freedom controlled by no man, and the wholesome pleasure which crowns the Simple Life." Verily, there are tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and sermons in seed catalogues.

THE TRANSPLANTING OF WORDS, and their frequent vigorous growth in the new soil long after the parent stock has withered away, is a subject of unfailing interest to dabblers in philology. One who is not a dabbler, however, Colonel T. W. Higginson, contributes to a current newspaper some interesting observations on "The Migration of Words," and incidentally shows what a surprising amount of supposed American slang is to be found in the "Diary and Letters" of Madame d'Arblay (Frances Burney), the admired author of "Evelina" and "Cecilia." In the memoirs above named — published in 1842, twelve years earlier than the date given by Mr. Higginson — appear such modern terms and phrases as "cute," "hang it," "downed," "trembled a few," "snigger," "a most elegant dessert," "a high treat," and many others. In Francis Grose's "Provincial Glossary" (1814) occur still more numerous and surprising "Americanisms." Colonel Higginson recalls the quaint dialect of old Marblehead, and says that there only on our coast could be heard the uncouth word "gawming" (awkward, lubberly) which Grose's dictionary contains as a North-of-England term. From it, we conjecture, may have come the form "gawmed" (or "gormed"), heard in rural speech; as "you gormed idiot!" This migration of words is ever in progress, and will always furnish a pleasant subject of study to the philologically curious.

A HANDBOOK TO THE PUBLIC DOCUMENTS OF THE UNITED STATES is a work the need for which has long been recognized, but which no one has hitherto had the courage to undertake. Now we are told that the manuscript of this exceptionally useful, and indeed indispensable, library tool has been completed. The compiler is Miss Elfrida Everhart, Reference Librarian of the Carnegie Library of Atlanta, and instructor in the Southern Library School. One who has had an opportunity of reading the manuscript describes Miss Everhart's work as admirably clear, concise, well-arranged, and, above all, accurate. It is expected that the Handbook will appear some time in the spring, probably through one of the New York publishers. It will undoubtedly be a boon to everyone who has occasion to consult the public documents of the United States, and who therefore appreciates the need of a trustworthy key to that labyrinthine mystery.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE OLD-FASHIONED LIBRARIAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The complaint voiced by Mr. Thomas H. Briggs in the last number of THE DIAL, that it is not possible to get librarians who love books and their contents, is one that has been frequently made of late, and it must be admitted, even by librarians themselves, that it is not without some foundation in fact. It is true that many, perhaps most, of the men and women employed in libraries are not book-lovers in the old-fashioned way which Mr. Briggs thinks desirable. Far too many, even of those who are at the head of libraries, have not a real love of books, and their knowledge of them is sometimes not much more than that gained in an ordinary college education. It must even be confessed that the graduates of library schools do not always have that wide and varied knowledge of the contents of books that the public (and library trustees) are justified in desiring, if not in demanding.

Having admitted this, if your space permits, I wish to point out one or two facts that account for the condition in which Mr. Briggs finds himself. In passing, however, one might question whether the old-fashioned book-loving librarian was as efficient as a few critics of present-day librarians would like us to believe. Tradition tells us that his love of books was so great that he wanted all the books to stay in the library all the time. A worn-out book was an unfamiliar object to his eyes. Both his lack of system and iron-clad rules tended to prevent those who would really be most benefitted by books from ever obtaining them. The motto of the American Library Association, "The best reading for the largest number at the least cost," would not have appealed to him. He was a book-lover, but he was not a lover of humanity. The public had to seek him; he never sought the public. Whatever the faults of the modern librarian may be, it must be admitted that he has plenty of missionary spirit which leads him to go out into the highways and byways, and to try to make the library an influence for good in the life of his community. And this missionary spirit will be found most firmly implanted in those who have graduated from library schools. For I firmly believe, that, in addition to the technical training which students receive, they also become thoroughly imbued with the idea that the public library is an educational force in the community, and that it is their duty to augment its efficiency and to bring an ever-increasing number of persons within the circle of its influence.

The principal reason, I believe, for Mr. Briggs's failure to find book-loving librarians is that there is not a sufficient number of real book-lovers such as he wants, to supply even approximately the demand for library workers. As a librarian myself, I am thrown in contact more or less with many kinds of users of the library. There are professional men who use the library in their work. There are the club women who prepare essays and do prescribed reading. There are the workmen who use the technical books to increase their knowledge of their trade. There are the teachers, and there are the countless thousands of novel readers. Among all those who use the library more or less constantly, I have found in the last three years not over five who would fulfill Mr. Briggs's ideal (and mine). Not over five have revealed in any way whatsoever that they use

the library other than for reference or purely recreational purposes. This experience, and the experience of the years before I was at the head of a library, or even before I was interested in library work at all, lead me to believe that the real book-lover is an exceedingly scarce person. If all the real book-lovers were engaged in library work, there would still be room for many others, and Mr. Briggs, as well as other library trustees, would have to employ many who have little more than a library school training and a missionary spirit to recommend them.

ARTHUR L. BAILEY.

*Wilmington Institute Free Library,
Wilmington, Del., Feb. 7, 1908.*

LIBRARY CIRCULATION IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have just seen a paragraph in your January issue, regarding the Public Libraries of this country, based upon some figures taken from my "Manual of Library Economy." There is one mistake which I think ought to be corrected, and that is the statement that "the average number of books drawn annually by each borrower is 3." This quotation refers to the number of volumes stocked per borrower: the number of books read annually is 30 per borrower. I may state that a more recent investigation shows that in the Municipal Libraries of the United Kingdom no fewer than 60,000,000 volumes are annually circulated for home reading, and that over 11,000,000 books are issued for reference use, without counting the enormous number of consultations at the open shelves of such Libraries.

There is just one important point which, to a very great extent, I think, must be held to qualify any comparisons which are made between the Library work of the United States and the United Kingdom. It must always be remembered that British Public Libraries labour under the serious disadvantage of a Rate limitation, which brings the average income for all purposes down to about one-third of the average income enjoyed by American Libraries. For example, the Boston Public Library has an income of £68,000, against £26,410 which Manchester expends for all purposes. The annual circulation from Boston is 1,461,000 volumes issued from the Central Library, 10 branches, 23 delivery stations, etc., while at Manchester the annual circulation is 1,957,475 volumes issued from 19 branches and delivery stations.

I think there is no doubt that the Library systems of both countries, under varying conditions, are doing splendid work, and that the Public Library in any town would be one of the last of the municipal services which the inhabitants would care to see abolished.

JAMES DUFF BROWN.

Central Library, London, Jan. 31, 1908.

PRINCIPAL CAIRD OF GLASGOW—A CORRECTION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In THE DIAL of February 1, on page 80, you speak of Dr. Edward Caird "succeeding Jowett as Master of Balliol, but perhaps better remembered as Principal Caird of Glasgow University." This appears to be a slight mistake on your part, as the Principal of Glasgow University was John Caird, the famous Scotch preacher who published by command of the Queen his great sermon on "The Religion of Common Life." If I am correct, he was the brother of Dr. Edward Caird.

THOMAS KILPATRICK.

Omaha, Neb., Feb. 8, 1908.

The New Books.

THE TRUE STORY OF A STRANGE BOYHOOD.*

It was unnecessary for the author of "Father and Son" to assure the reader in his preface that his narrative was not fiction in disguise, but a true history faithfully recorded. Its reality speaks in every line of the simple, restrained, unrhetorical setting forth of the anonymous writer's rigorous upbringing under the severe rule of a religiously and morally strict father and mother, the sole object of whose parental care it was his lot to be. The rigors of John Stuart Mill's training at the hands of his father almost take on a sybaritic softness when compared with the austerities of the Calvinistic household in which the boyhood of this other paternally educated child was passed.

As the author himself says, the peculiar value of the book is in its being "a record of educational and religious conditions which, having passed away, will never return." It is "the diagnosis of a dying Puritanism," and as such it will gain in curious interest, especially to the student of religious history, as time passes. Let it not, however, be thought that a warmer human interest is lacking to the story. Even spiritual struggles have their humorous aspects, and there is laughter as well as weeping in this eminently human narrative. Its appeal is made all the stronger by the easy identification of its two leading characters, father and son, as a once well-known naturalist of the anti-Darwinian school, and a prominent author of our own time, respectively. Or, to be more specific, the father is Philip Henry Gosse, best remembered for his "Romance of Natural History," though he wrote many other popular text-books of a similar sort; and the son, of course, is Mr. Edmund Gosse, who needs no further introduction. Any possible doubter may easily convince himself by turning to Mr. Gosse's brief account of his father in the "Dictionary of National Biography" and comparing that record with the book. The latter shows no attempt at concealment except in certain very natural suppressions or alterations of personal names.

No outline of the book can do it justice, but a few selected passages may quicken the reader's interest and inspire him with a desire to possess himself of the story in full. The peculiar religious beliefs of the father and mother were

those of the so-called "Plymouth Brethren." Each parent "was prominent before the eyes of a public of his or her own, half a century ago," and it is largely because "their minds were vigorous and their accomplishments distinguished that the contrast between their spiritual point of view and the aspect of a similar class of persons to-day is interesting," and, the author hopes, instructive. The mother, it should be noted, was intellectually gifted to such an extent that she became a fair Greek and a still better Hebrew scholar, besides writing and publishing devotional poems that met with considerable acceptance. The father's talents as a naturalist, his power of close scrutiny and accurate observation, won for him from Huxley the doubtful compliment of being called the "honest hodman of science." Both father and mother were zealous workers in the church, indefatigable seekers after lost souls, and insistent that their son should be equally active, in season and out of season, in the work of testimony and conversion. But let the author speak for himself.

"The peculiarities of a family life, founded upon such principles, are, in relation to a little child, obvious; but I may be permitted to recapitulate them. Here was perfect purity, perfect intrepidity, perfect abnegation; yet there was also narrowness, isolation, an absence of perspective, let it be boldly admitted, an absence of humanity. And there was a curious mixture of humbleness and arrogance; entire resignation to the will of God and not less entire disdain of the judgment and opinion of man. My parents founded every action, every attitude, upon their interpretation of the Scriptures, and upon the guidance of the Divine Will as revealed to them by direct answer to prayer. Their ejaculation in the face of any dilemma was, 'Let us cast it before the Lord!'"

But it was this very habit of carrying everything to the Lord in prayer that first occasioned, in the son's restlessly inquiring mind, a doubt of the parental infallibility. Just how this first germ of skepticism was planted and nourished is vividly and humorously told in the book.

"The question of the efficacy of prayer, which has puzzled wiser heads than mine, began to trouble me. It was insisted on in our household that if anything was desired, you should not, as my Mother said, 'lose any time in seeking for it, but ask God to guide you to it.' In many junctures of life, this is precisely what, in sober fact, they did. I will not dwell here on their theories, which my mother put forth, with unflinching directness, in her published writings. But I found that a difference was made between my privileges in this matter and theirs, and this led me to many discussions. My parents said: 'Whatever you need, tell Him and He will grant it, if it is His will.' Very well; I had need of a large painted humming-top which I had seen in a shop-window in the Caledonian Road. Accordingly, I introduced a

* FATHER AND SON. Biographical Recollections. With portrait. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

supplication for this object into my evening prayer, carefully adding the words: 'If it is Thy will.' This, I recollect, placed my Mother in a dilemma, and she consulted my Father. Taken, I suppose, at a disadvantage, my Father told me I must not pray for 'things like that.' To which I answered by another query, 'Why?' And I added that he said we ought to pray for things we needed, and that I needed the humming-top a great deal more than I did the conversion of the heathen or the restitution of Jerusalem to the Jews, two objects of my nightly supplication which left me very cold."

The father was plainly cornered, especially as the son had been expressly taught that "no things or circumstances are too insignificant to bring before the God of the whole earth." In the end, therefore, the elder simply refused to argue the question, and flatly told the boy it was wrong to pray for things like hummings-tops, and he must do it no more. The fatal suspicion was left in the infant mind that a traceable connection existed between this peremptory prohibition, the cost of the coveted toy, and the state of the family exchequer.

A further and more fatal shaking of the child's faith in the God of his parents came a little later. Having obtained from his father a categorical statement that idolatry consisted in praying to anyone or anything but God himself, and also that God would be very angry and would show his wrath if anyone in a Christian country bowed down to wood or stone, the still skeptical child took advantage of a moment when he was alone in the house to put the matter to a decisive test. Placing a small chair on a table, he knelt before it and repeated his daily prayer, only substituting the address "O Chair" for the usual one. But the sole result was a quickening of the young idolater's heart-beat as he waited to be consumed by the wrath of heaven. After that the boy had less confidence than ever in his father's knowledge of the divine mind.

Cut off from the world of boyish sports and games, from the world of literature and art, and from almost everything necessary for a boy's healthy development, this lonely child was taught to regard himself as marked out for peculiar service in the vineyard of the Lord, and as the early recipient of extraordinary favors from on high. He was among the "saved," and was not to associate too intimately with the children of the ungodly. What a marvel that the little prig—for such he acknowledges himself to have been—ever recovered from so pernicious a training! One's respect for his later achievements in the world of letters is greatly heightened by this account, almost painfully minute, of his starved, strait-laced, self-conscious childhood. One unexpected indulgence, however, at his

father's hands must here be noted. The mother's early death and the father's second marriage, to Miss Eliza Brightwen, have a bearing on the incident.

"At the age of eleven, I knew a great deal more of maps, and of the mutual relation of localities all over the globe, than most grown-up people do. . . . I was now greatly taken with the geography of the West Indies, of every part of which I had made MS. maps. There was something powerfully attractive to my fancy in the great chain of the Antilles, lying on the sea like an open bracelet, with its big jewels and little jewels strung on an invisible thread. I liked to shut my eyes and see it all, in a mental panorama, stretched from Cape Sant' Antonio to the Serpent's Mouth. Several of these lovely islands, these emeralds and amethysts, set on the Caribbean Sea, my Father had known well in his youth, and I was importunate in questioning him about them. One day as I multiplied inquiries, he rose, as I did so, in his impetuous way, and climbing to the top of a book-case, brought down a thick volume and presented it to me. 'You'll find all about the Antilles there,' he said, and left me with 'Tom Cringle's Log' in my possession."

The story of the youth's growing differences with his father in matters of religion, of his breaking away from home and insisting on living his own life—a course in which he was rather aided than opposed by his kind stepmother—has a peculiar though a painful interest that holds one's attention to the end of the book. We take leave of the narrator in his early manhood, his mind powerfully stirred, and providentially stirred, with the conviction that "either he must cease to think for himself; or his individualism must be instantly confirmed, and the necessity of religious independence must be emphasized." No book could better show the vast difference between plausible but wholly imaginary biography and autobiography (of which we have had many graceful specimens of late) on the one hand, and the actual record of a human soul on the other, than this detailed account of the warring of two discordant temperaments.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

IMPRESSIONS OF A CORRESPONDENT IN THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.*

During the late war in the Far East Mr. Frederick McCormick, in the capacity of Associated Press correspondent, supplied the English-speaking world with what usually proved to be the most authentic information to be had; especially from the Russian side, concerning the course and character of the struggle. After the war was over Mr. McCormick, like more than one of his fellow-correspondents, was

*THE TRAGEDY OF RUSSIA IN PACIFIC ASIA. By Frederick McCormick. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: The Outing Publishing Co.

moved to bring together his scattered papers, revise and enlarge them, and put them before the public in more durable form. The two stout volumes which have lately come from the press, under the somewhat lugubrious title of "The Tragedy of Russia in Pacific Asia," comprise the result. It is safe to say that to the rapidly growing library of books upon Far Eastern subjects they will constitute a noteworthy, even if not an indispensable, acquisition.

The value of Mr. McCormick's work arises wholly from the intimacy with which the author was acquainted with the conditions, the personalities, and the events of the war. Mr. McCormick is very far from being an historian. He does not appeal to one as a profound student of contemporary world-politics — if, indeed, it is possible for one to be such a student without being also a pretty respectable historian. He is not even a wholly satisfactory writer of the English language; at least, the happy-go-lucky newspaper style above which he seldom rises scarcely commends itself in a work of the present pretensions. Yet, despite these more or less serious limitations, a perusal of his volumes is sufficient to give the assurance that they contain much that is essential to a full knowledge of the war, and a good deal that one may never be able to lay hold of elsewhere.

Practically all of the first, and about half of the second, volume is taken up with a running sketch of the operations of the war from the attack on Port Arthur to the capture and destruction of the Russian mobile navy. Extended comment upon this portion of the work is perhaps hardly necessary. In a succession of some forty chapters, accompanied by a number of useful drawings and photographs, the plans of campaigns, descriptions of tactics, battle-scenes, and personal episodes follow one another in a gossipy but fairly luminous narrative. It is not a formal history, but such material as will be of large service when the time comes for the writing of a formal history of this epoch-marking war.

After covering thus in detail the course of the conflict itself, Mr. McCormick turns to an estimate of the combatants, and finally to some consideration of the effects of the Japanese victory upon the Occident, and more particularly upon the United States. There is vastly more upon the Russians than upon the Japanese, for the author was with the Russian armies throughout, and naturally writes more fully, as well as more authoritatively, upon them than upon their opponents. With respect, then, first of all, to the Russians, we are assured that though

they have uniformly shown their worst side in the Orient, it has come to be conceded by all Eastern peoples that the Muscovites are a potent, and not necessarily an altogether baleful, force in the modern world. The Japanese were among the first to awake to the fact. The disheartening exigencies of an unsuccessful war were certainly calculated to put the Russian character to the test. The results of this test Mr. McCormick undertakes, at much length, to describe. It is his judgment that, despite occasional outbreaks of treachery and cowardice, the virtues of valor and humanity were as strongly in evidence in the Russian trenches as in the Japanese. Russian preparations for war were pitifully inadequate, and from first to last the difficulties to be overcome were essentially insuperable; but the fight was a brave one, and, on the whole, one of which no people need be ashamed.

None the less, the impressions of the Russian military that one gets from Mr. McCormick's narrative are far from roseate. In fact, while striving manifestly after impartiality, the author finds himself obliged to devote a really startling proportion of his space to the faults and weaknesses (not to mention crimes) which he had ever before him in the Russian camps.

"The virtues of the Russian are incomparable, . . . but they are insignificant beside his incomparable defects. The complicated, futile, and useless labor of secret agents, intelligence officers, gendarmes, police advisors, and censors in the Russian military organization in itself represented enough energy to win a battle. The energy wasted in flirtations was sufficient to plan a campaign or take a city; while the talent and energy spent in dissipation and graft, were enough to have won the war twice over. The battles of the war show an over-reliance on organization, which fed the army well, mobilized it in a marvellous manner, cared for its retreats, but could not advance it, nor maneuver it in battle, nor bring it alongside victory. . . . In Manchuria the Russian military presents an undignified and demoralized appearance. Among no military, perhaps, were boots and buckles and big clothes held in such awe. There was an unnecessary number of overtrained militaires, exceedingly sensitive of their dignity, and more afraid of their reputations for nicety and *savoir faire* than of defeat. . . . Militarism appeared to be their vanity. They lacked one at least of the essential elements of warriors — military aggressiveness. Their disposition was to hibernate and grow fat. Their disposition was peaceful. For this reason Russians felt much aggrieved and warred upon, inhumanly assailed, and outrageously insulted."

That the Russians sadly underestimated the formidable character of their opponents, and generally misconceived the whole situation, is well enough known to followers of Far Eastern affairs.

"The general conception of the war was that Russia, in the form of a peaceful genius, holding a lily in one hand and a dove in the other, was sprung upon in the

night by a naked savage, armed with a villainous knife, bent upon murder. The figure of this peaceable Russian female genius, with a sheathed sword entwined with bay and a proclamation of peace and good-will from Nicholas in her lap, and on her head a cap bearing the cross of Christ, is represented in the illustrated press enthroned upon the rock of Port Arthur, gazing innocently upon the world, invested by beasts and ogres from the deep, and about to be assassinated by a half-naked Japanese figure coming out of the sea."

As the war progressed, however, there was disillusionment, and "it can be said with justice that the conviction that the war was a national crime rapidly grew among them, so that toward the last the justness of their cause was generally denied among themselves." Elsewhere Mr. McCormick, writing of the low ebb reached by the discipline among the Russian troops, asserts that toward the end at least one-third of the army regarded the war as a crime, and were disposed to surrender to the enemy.

Rarely indeed has there been put in print a more striking arraignment of the Russian in arms. Allowing for more or less exaggeration, in these days, of the virtues of the opposing Japanese, it is still inconceivable that the outcome of the war should have been other than what it was.

In a not altogether convincing, but none the less suggestive, chapter on "The Elimination of the West and the Position of America," the author presents what, from the Occidental standpoint, must be adjudged a pessimistic picture. He expresses the conviction that as a result of the signal triumph of the Japanese and the revivification of China the hold of European powers—especially of France and Germany—upon Far Eastern affairs has been greatly relaxed. Even more confidently is it declared that there has been a marked falling-off in American influence in the Orient.

The main political figure in the West in the struggle for the integrity of China is that of John Hay, but John Hay's work, which in the end was inadequate, is about the only asset left to America in the East. The American people did not know how to turn it to account or to back it up, and have receded from the position of respect which he achieved for them. Russia, the greatest enemy of the principles for which he contended, and of the reconstructed East Asia with which America is now forced to compromise, regards this with open satisfaction and anticipates a change of American policy, even more satisfactory from being in conformity with the principles of her own. . . . America's position in the East has been changed. Events have reduced her in two years to a position of comparative unimportance in Peking. Of all the pro-Japanese 'open-door' and Chinese integrity nations it is America that stands lowest there. Traditional friendship, sympathy understood and expressed upon every occasion when it could be of any value, gifts of charity, moral aid and repeated ser-

vices to the cause of the 'open door' and the preservation of Chinese integrity in particular, have not availed against a combination of really mean circumstances, and are little more than a name. Her prestige gained from meritorious acts dissolved, and positive misfortune has overtaken her through Chinese commercial hostility."

Mr. McCormick's second volume contains a documentary appendix of considerable value; also a very useful chronological table of events in the Russian "tragedy" from the Treaty of Nerchinsk in 1689 to the ratification of the Peace of Portsmouth.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

TWO HISTORIES OF MUSIC.*

In the recent great access of books dealing with musical subjects there has been a plentiful lack of informational works covering the whole field or any large portion of it. "Impressions" that do not always impress, opinions that do little more than opine, we have had in abundance; but the way was still suggestively open for any broad and comprehensive survey. In England the "History of Music" of Rowbotham (1885-7), and that of Rockstro (1886) left much to be desired; and in America, Professor Dickinson's scholarly "Study of the History of Music" (1905) was necessarily quite concise. It is a coincidence that two books by American musical scholars should just now have made almost simultaneous appearance, which are of enough serious importance to deserve special attention.

The desideratum of a treatise which should be a hand-book and guide, which should attain a certain degree of encyclopedic fulness, and yet by its precise and systematic arrangement should help the student without hindering him—and which should achieve these ends within the compass of a single volume—has been satisfactorily met by Professor Waldo Selden Pratt's "History of Music." The author's long and fruitful labors at Hartford Theological Seminary, supplemented by lectures at Smith College and elsewhere, have been creditable to American musical scholarship; and in the book before us he has increased the literature of music by a contribution of permanent value.

One of the first merits of the work to deserve commendation is the excellent topical arrangement in divisions and subdivisions, which makes the book immediately useful to the hurried

*THE HISTORY OF MUSIC. By Waldo Selden Pratt. Illustrated. New York: G. Schirmer.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC TO THE DEATH OF SCHUBERT. By John K. Paine. Boston: Ginn & Co.

searcher after facts. The eight great epochs of musical history are presented in thirty-seven chapters and 234 sections. Important movements and composers are given the dignity of large type; an ample though not exhaustive bibliography is appended to each chapter; cross-references are not forgotten; and two carefully-made indexes complete a hand-apparatus which will not disappoint either the student or the general reader. This adherence to topical system has made it necessary sometimes to speak of the same composer at some length in two or more widely separated passages; as where, for example, Liszt and the orchestral style of pianism are discussed on pp. 539-540, Liszt and the Weimar circle on pp. 574-575, and Liszt and the symphonic poem on pp. 581-585.

Another good feature is the unerring sense of proportion which pervades the work. Professor Pratt sees the field steadily and sees it whole. He seems constantly to have in mind the end from the beginning; and there is no evidence of prejudice expanding a favorite theme, or lassitude abridging the concluding chapters. An illustration of this is his admirable treatment of Mendelssohn — whose almost total elimination from modern orchestral concert-programmes is a real misfortune. Professor Pratt recognizes the spontaneity and charm of his music, its perfection of form, its happy combination of the classic and the romantic; but justly lays more stress on the signal services which he performed by his social and professional influence, "to which he added the massive and continued power of the several organizations and institutions with which he was connected; so that the effectiveness of his ideas was larger and more lasting than through his work as an individual." This is just and true; and is in wholesome contrast to the disproportionate importance assigned to Mendelssohn in Grove's "Dictionary of Music," where he has 58 pages as against 47 for Beethoven, 40 for Schumann, and 28 for Wagner.

Professor Pratt's historical erudition is perhaps best seen in his treatment of the early periods of this most ancient and most modern of the arts. His chapters on "Uncivilized and Ancient Music" range over the whole world of antiquity, and present in readable schemata what is probably the sum of our information on an obscure subject. With the sixteenth century — "the meeting-place of mediæval and modern life," the material rapidly multiplies, and the author must exert to the utmost his powers of comparison and perspective.

The last of the book's great divisions is called "a brief sketch of the later nineteenth century"; and here alone, and very wisely, Professor Pratt refrains from fulness of treatment or any attempt at finality of judgment. Its five sections discuss "The Wagnerian Triumph," the various national "groups," and "Music in the United States." Its up-to-date scope may be seen in the fact that Grieg's death is recorded (September, 1907). To these summaries is appended a concluding section, entitled "Some Final Words," in which the breadth of vision and the well-tempered criticism of the entire work are finely condensed. He urges the solidarity of the art from a historical view-point and the organic association of the many aspects of music:

"No just view of music or musicianship can afford to disdain or ignore any side of the subject, however distant from the standpoint of the observer himself. The instrumentalist cannot say to the vocalist, 'I have no need of you,' nor the operatic singer to the critic, nor the theorist to the maker of instruments, nor the genius in composition to the promoter of interest among amateurs."

The numerous illustrations of musical instruments are extremely interesting; so much can hardly be said of the likenesses of composers, which are conventional drawings from traditional portraits. An unusual feature in a work of this kind is the addition of three maps showing those regions of Europe in which music has been chiefly developed.

In Professor Pratt's notices of native-born American composers occurs the following paragraph:

"John Knowles Paine (d. 1906), from 1862 teacher and from 1896 professor (of music), was not only an expert organist, but an abundant and striking composer, with two symphonies, two symphonic poems, chamber music, the oratorio *St. Peter*, incidental music to Sophocles' *Oedipus Tyrannus*, a mass, several choral cantatas, and many shorter works."

This compact statement presents the barest outline of a long and useful career. As a composer, it is probably true that Professor Paine made no such impress on his generation as, for instance, MacDowell has done; but as teacher and lecturer he has inspired hundreds of men who came under his influence at Harvard, many of whom have achieved distinction in their chosen art. Something of the effect of the spoken word must persist in the printed and published lectures; and the volume which has now appeared, called "The History of Music to the Death of Schubert," will appeal, not unsuccessfully, to a wider circle than that for which

they were originally prepared. It seems that it was a cherished wish of Professor Paine to have his lectures on the History of Music published ; and he had prepared, in type-written form, the material covering the period to the death of Schubert. Since his death, this part of the lectures has been revised and put through the press by his colleague, Professor Albert A. Howard.

Though in a sense unfinished, the work is no mere torso. It is a dignified, lucid, and sympathetic account of the great steps in the development of the art, from the earliest music of the Greeks and Romans down to 1828, the year of Schubert's death. As Professor Paine was conservative in taste, it is probable that his opinion of the modern schools would not command the general assent which will greet his estimate of the great classics. As suitable to the plan of the lectures, the treatment of the subject is broad, and no attempt is made to register every name — major or minor ; consequently considerable fulness is possible in the consideration of the masters, the chapters on Bach, Handel, Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert being symmetrical monographs.

Professor Howard's task as editor has been carried out with discrimination and loving care ; and his part in the work is probably a larger one than his modesty will allow him to admit. He will certainly share in the gratitude with which Professor Paine's book will be received by his old pupils and the musical public.

JOSIAH RENICK SMITH.

did of Melancholy ; and it might almost be said that he has done it with equal charm. Indeed his book seems, to one reader at least, to surpass in beauty and distinction of style any other prose work of the past few years. Its charm is akin to that of Mr. A. C. Benson's earlier books, yet Mr. Benson at his best has never equalled this.

An acute sufferer throughout a lifetime from the disease of which he writes, the author has yielded in later years to that insatiate hunger for utterance and self-justification so marked in the afflicted of his kind ; and in these pages he has set down such data as he could, for possible use when the "inevitable German" shall prepare his "Wissenschaftliche Untersuchung der Ursache und Entwicklung der Schüchternheit." The result is a human document as striking as it is unusual. "As I reflect upon what I have written," says the author, "and try to imagine it read by some brisk person utterly content with life, I can well understand that the whole thing would appear to him incredible, too preposterously strange for belief, a rigmarole of sick fancies beyond the power of hellebore." So doubtless it would ; but to those who have known the scourge of this affliction, or of another as great, the impress of truth and wisdom lies deep upon every page.

Lest any might suppose that the disorder here dealt with is a matter no more serious than that awkward timidity which most of us have known in youth, we subjoin this paragraph :

"At the outset I would make it clear that for me the only shyness that counts, is that which is so deeply ingrained as to have outlasted youth. It may, indeed, be physically related to that transient bashfulness which haunts so many of us in our younger days only to vanish at maturity, swift as the belated ghost at cockcrow. But unlike this common accident of growth, it is no surface-defect, but an inward stain which dyes the very fibres of the being. It may, indeed, be somewhat bleached and diminished by a timely and skilful treatment, but is become too much a part of life to be ever wholly washed away. And the unhappy step-children of nature whose inheritance it is, seldom find a deliverer good at need; for as the world draws no distinction between their grave affliction and that other remediable misery of youth, it will sanction no other treatment than banter or mockery, which does but infuse yet more deeply the mournful dye. When this fails, it leaves its victims to the desolation which according to its judgment they have wilfully chosen; for the most part ignoring their existence, but often chastising them with scorpion-stings of disdain. Yet the subjects of this scorn, sufferers as I believe from a hereditary tendency matured by neglect into disease, deserve a more merciful usage than this, and their plea for extenuating circumstances should not be too impatiently rejected. For in them what is to most men a transient ailment has

THE ANATOMY OF DIFFIDENCE.*

That strange malady known as diffidence or shyness or bashfulness is an affair about which men seldom talk. Those who are its victims are reticent in this as in all else ; and to the rest of the world the thing is either incomprehensible or ridiculous or both. Except in its mildest form, as a passing symptom of adolescence, it has received scant attention from psychologists or physicians. Yet it has been and is the most potent and painful fact in hundreds of lives ; and many of the world's finest intellects have been molded irresistibly in its influence.

It has remained for an English writer hitherto quite unknown, Mr. W. Compton Leith, to formulate the Anatomy of Diffidence, as Burton

**APOLOGIA DIFFIDENTIS.* By W. Compton Leith. New York: John Lane Company.

thrown down permanent roots to draw a nourishment from pain: and he who is fortunate enough to be whole should think twice before he makes sport of those who pine in this distress."

The malady has its cause, we are told, in "an antinomy between the physical and intellectual elements of the personality, from an unhappy marriage of mind and body, suffering the lower of the two partners to ruin the life of the higher by the continual friction of a hateful but indissoluble union." It is found more commonly in men, and among those classes where the outward refinements of life are more or less compulsory. It is climatic also, having its haunts chiefly in the north and west of Europe,—as no less an authority than M. Taine has previously borne witness. And as it is climatic and geographic, so are its birth and growth conditioned by historic causes. "Just as it is the peculiar failing of northern and western peoples, so it is the creation of comparatively modern times; it had no place among the classified weaknesses of men until these peoples began in their turn to make history."

But, valuable as these facts and theories may prove to the "inevitable German" above referred to, it is in the author's record of his own inner life that the real charm and interest of the book lie,—the pages wherein

"His store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days;
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
And all his hourly varied anodynes."

The first awakening, after an embittered boyhood, "to the dread thought that though other clouds might drift westward and dissolve, one would impend over me forever" brought with it an insistent desire for flight; and the environment of London was forthwith exchanged for a lonely plantation in the mountains of India. Three years of peaceful meditation in this old-world atmosphere were effective in lulling the pain; then came an attack of fever, and with convalescence a revulsion of feeling toward the slumbrous Oriental existence and a determination to meet the old foe, if need be, on the home field. Plunging once more into the roaring life of London, he summoned to his aid every resource of nature, literature, art, and philosophy that might enable him to endure and outbrave the torment; until gradually, step by step, he was led by their ministries to the goal that held permanent assuagement—"the presence of the Ideal Love."

"There is a place in every heart which must be filled by adoration, or else the whole will grow hard and wither like a garden whose central fountain is grown dry. And though the affection of mortal man or woman may abandon it, there remains yet this other love which by pure and strenuous invocation may be drawn to it, and dwell in it, to the ennoblement of life; so great is the care of providence for mortal need. Love is our need, and it is given, if we despair not of it, even to such as have rarely felt the glow of earthly passion. For love is of many kinds; yet the palest and most subtle of its forms are made real to those who believe, and may become the guiding influences of their lives. Such are the visions of the ideal love to which those glad natural sympathies now led me, leaving me alone awhile that I might worship the orient light. And when I came out from that presence I rejoiced indeed, for the path was clear for my return, and life was now glad with promise like an orchard burgeoning with white blossoms. Old memories crowded back on me of hours beneath the cedars with the *Phaedrus* and the *Vita Nuova*, hours made happy with intellectual and aesthetic delights. But now the joy was other than intellectual, though significant tenfold, for then in untried youth I had wondered at the beauty of an imaginary world; now with eyes that had looked on desolation I perceived that these visions were true. For had they been no more than aerial fancies, they surely had not endured throughout these long ages in our laden and mortal air."

From these heights of the spirit one might indeed look out upon life without bitterness. Though the chance for happiness had long since withered, yet something of serenity was still possible; and the old enemy, if not wholly vanquished, was yet disabled and subdued.

From a volume distinguished on every page for beauty of style, it is difficult to detach for quotation one or two paragraphs of particular distinction. Yet perhaps the two we have chosen will serve as well as any. This first describes the initial onslaught of an Indian monsoon:

"One year I was witness of the first onset, which came in the late afternoon—an immediate shock of massed clouds without throwing forward of skirmishers or any prelude of the vanguard. Our home looked down upon a gentle incline of open grassy land to a broad belt of jungle in the middle distance; here the undergrowth and small trees had been newly cleared away, opening a perspective receding across an uncumbered leaf-strewn floor into the backward gloom of the forest. I sat with my eyes fixed upon the trees, drawing the rain on with the whole strength of desire to the parched country lying there faint with the exhaustion of three months of drought. While I watched, the deep line of cloud, at first distinct from the forest-top along which it came rolling, insensibly merged with the foliage, until every contour was lost in a common gloom, only the great bare stems below standing pale against the gathering darkness. There was an intense stillness everywhere like the silence of expectation which falls upon an awestruck crowd; the very insects had ceased their usual song. And now the ear caught a distant sound, vague and deep, coming up out of the mid-dark-

ness, and growing to a mighty volume as a sudden wind swept out from the sounding foliage into the open land and searched every cranny of the house as it passed. Then, as if drawn by the wind, there came into view among the nearest tree-stems a moving grey line advancing with a long roar until it hid the whole forest from sight: it was the wave of battle about to break upon us. It came on like a wall, enormous, irresistible; one instant, and it had devoured the intervening space; another, and we were lost in the deluge, and the great rain-drops were spilled upon the roof with the noise of continuous thunder. As the deep sound reverberated through the roof above me, I went in exulting to a hearth piled with blazing logs, glad in the prospect of renewing for many weeks old and quiet habitudes of indoor life, rich with solace of books and tranquil meditation."

And in the following is set down a subtle experience that must have come to every sensitive being that ever made his bed beneath the open sky. Stevenson has described a similar incident not more finely.

"The exuberant sun of noon distracts, and the multitude of his beams is troubous, for what does sight avail if the things of the heart's desire are lost in immeasurable perplexities of light? For in the high day the quivering bright air is more opaque than the dim spaces of night, so tranquil and severe, or the glowing kingdoms of the morning. At the springing of the day the eyes open upon awakening flowers, giving filial heed to the marvellous earth which waits in patience for a human greeting. I like the passage in which Chaucer tells how in May-time his couch was spread in an arbour upon the margin of the grass, that he might wake to see the daisies unfold their petals. Sleeping thus, he also must have known those intervals of slumber when a sense of some impending wonder grows too strong for sleep, and all nature seems calling you to a vision. Often I have been thus awakened, not by noise or movement, but as it were by some strange prescience of beauty constraining me to rise and look. Once I was drawn some distance round the corner of a copse, and there, low in the sable-blue of the sky, in a rivalry of intense but dazzling light, the crescent moon hung splendid over against a great constellation which glittered like a carcanet of diamonds. They seemed to speak together as if in some scene or passage of celestial drama, nor did I know which was the diviner speech, the moon's unwavering effulgence or that leaping coruscation of the stars. Nothing stirred on the right hand or the left, but earth and air were hushed, as if before that colloquy all sound and motion were miraculously holden. Tall trees brown with densest shadows were massed upon one side, obscuring half the heaven, and lending by their contrasted gloom that sense of wizardry in natural things which enchanting the clear summer nights when the air is still."

The shy fraternity will need no word of ours to lead them to this book. But we hope that what has been said here will turn the lover of literature to the volume also, knowing as we do that it holds for him a pleasure not often vouchsafed in these days of universal scribbling.

JOHN J. HOLDEN.

DUTCH HISTORY FROM THE SOURCES.*

Simultaneously with the fourth instalment of the projected set of five volumes, in English translation, of Dr. Blok's "History of the People of the Netherlands," there comes to the reviewer Volume VIII. of the original Dutch, which, finishing the fourteenth book, completes also the history of the kingdom from the time "The Dutch took Holland" after Waterloo, to the revision of the Constitution in 1887. The end crowns the work, for it rounds out the great life-task of the professor of Dutch history in Holland's noblest university. Dr. Blok, born at the Helder in 1855, took his degree of Doctor of Letters at Leyden. After fifteen years spent in the teaching of history and in researches among the archives of more countries than one, on the death of Robert Fruin he was called from the same chair at Groningen University to the professorship of Dutch history at his Alma Mater. Previous to the first issue of his initial volume of the "History of the Dutch People," in 1892, his monographs had shown great powers of research and correlation of facts, besides giving some indications of ability to produce a history that should be a work of literature as well as of learning. Now that the reader of English has already the bulk of the story before him, it is possible to judge fairly the outcome of the work of a man who may indeed in outward guise have grown old in unceasing labors and profoundest erudition, but whose every page shows the enthusiasm and fire of youth, and a positive delight in making truth as beautiful as her own imperious limitations will allow. Dr. Blok is neither a Motley nor a Macaulay, but for trustworthiness he is a leader beyond these masters of rhetoric and erudite scholarship. Happily, too, Dr. Blok's decidedly modern Dutch style is strongly and felicitously rendered by the translator, Mr. Oscar A. Bierstadt, who, with his former collaborator, Miss Ruth Putnam, deserves very high praise.

The foregoing should not be taken to mean that the average American reader will find Blok's "History of the Netherlands" thrilling. Unfortunately for the work done by Washington Irving, and the perpetual object lesson afforded by the bric-a-brac mongers and curio-peddlers, helped by not a little after-dinner rhetoric from the kind of Dutchmen who can

* HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE NETHERLANDS. By Petrus Johannes Blok. Part IV.. Frederick Henry, John De Witt, William III.; translated by Oscar A. Bierstadt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

eat magnificent dinners and be voluble in rhetorical praise of their fathers who came to America nearly three centuries ago (while the equally heroic Dutch Pilgrim Fathers in Michigan and Iowa of 1840 are too near for glory), the contrast of sober facts is too great. It is undoubtedly true that the kind of American history that gets written in or near Boston and very handsomely published on Manhattan Island virtually ignores the part which the Dutchmen of New York, from 1664 to 1776, played in the development of American liberties, so that we have the most shocking mistakes and omissions in the average popular historian concerning the Dutch in America; yet one must not suppose that to the historian of the old Netherlands the fortunes of New Netherland are anything more than a trifling episode. Avoiding the temptation to expatiate on this point, we may add that it is difficult to get a clear understanding of the early history of our own Middle States without a knowledge of the background in the Dutch Fatherland, as shown in the lights and shadows on the pages of the present volume. Amid the currents of thought and opinion, the movements of society and politics, Dr. Blok leads his readers with a minute knowledge that reminds us of the wealth and consummate classifications of the Rijks Museum. He draws perfectly clear portraits of the great men, who, with astonishing frequency, were produced in the Netherlands. Indeed, one discerns a very miracle of history in the mere existence of a republic, positively contemptible as to size, in the midst of the monarchies on all sides which sought again and again to overwhelm it. In this fourth volume we have the story of calm after storm, when the great conciliatory statesman, Frederick Henry, healed the wounds of civil strife and had no small part himself in stimulating "the bloom of the Republic." Other writers may have shown the genius and patience of John De Witt, helmsmen of the ship of state, during the time of the "stadholderless republic," but none has succeeded in giving us such a clear portrait of this quiet thinker who was the best type of the Holland regent of those days—"Simple and worthy, incorruptible and steadfast, cool of head and heart, vigorously doing his duty to the end"; while of William III. a picture is drawn which very handsomely enriches, with both light and shade, our knowledge obtainable from that noble portrait limned by Macaulay. As in his previous volumes, Dr. Blok presents in an appendix of highest value a critical estimate of his sources, an accurate

colored map of the ever-changing area of the Netherlands, in the era described, and a good index. We shall look with pleasurable expectation for the fifth and concluding volume of the English translation of this notable work.

NEW BOOKS ABOUT OLD LANDS.*

When the writer of a book of travel sets himself the task of describing an old land—a land made familiar in song and story, in history and legend—he must, in order to arouse our interest, appeal to us from some new point of view. However hackneyed his theme, however commonplace his style, and however lacking his aptitude as a traveller, if he possess the faculty of seeing and describing the old scenes from a new standpoint he may stimulate our jaded senses into something resembling first impressions. Much more, indeed, we cannot ask of him. In our present list there are such books. Central Asia is shown to us as a most interesting ground for the study of climatic influences on character; Tyrol is seen through sympathetic modern eyes as a mediaeval land; Persia is presented to us by the unique method of one man's seeing it and another man's writing about it; Somaliland, that paradise of big-game hunters, is visited by two modern Dianas; and the other books are not unworthy of their company.

Four years of travelling and living in Asiatic Turkey and three years of travel in Central Asia make the basis of Mr. Ellsworth Huntington's excellent book entitled "The Pulse of Asia." The main theme of the volume, however, recounts the author's journey, made in 1905, through Chinese Turkestan—from India through Kashmir, thence along the Kwen Lun mountains to the ancient Lop Nor lake bed, and around the eastern slope of the Tien Shan mountains to Siberia. Such a route suggests the typical explorer's itinerary; but Mr. Huntington has not been in Central Asia for exploring purposes, except in an incidental way. Happily, he has a theme which

* THE PULSE OF ASIA. By Ellsworth Huntington. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

TYROL: THE LAND IN THE MOUNTAINS. By W. A. Ballie-Grohmann. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

PERAK TO PARIS. An Account of Prince Borghese's Journey across Two Continents in a Motor-Car. By Luigi Barzini. Translated by L. P. de Castelvecchio. Illustrated. New York: Mitchell Kennerly.

TWO DIANAS IN SOMALILAND. By Agnes Herbert. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company.

ACROSS PERSIA. By E. Crawshay Williams. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT PERSIA. By Eustache de Lorey and Douglas Sladen. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE STORY OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS. Their Characteristics, Progress, and Tendencies, with Special Reference to their Commercial Relations with the United States. By Albert Hale, M.D. Illustrated. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON. By C. Reginald Enoch. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THROUGH ITALY WITH CAR AND CAMERA. By Dan Fellows Platt. Illustrated in photogravure, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

gives rare interest to his tale of wandering. Believing that geography is an important basis for the study of anthropological science, and that geography and history are inseparable, he has spent these years in the arid lands of Asia to prove his thesis. His conclusion is that the habits and character of the people of Central Asia appear to have been molded by physiographic environment; that "during historic times, climate, the most important factor in that environment, has been subject to notable changes"; and finally, "that the changes of climate have caused corresponding changes not only in the distribution of man, but in his occupations, habits, and even character." An instance or two of the proofs advanced by the author will probably make his meaning clear. The Ladakhis, living in the Himalayas, are a people characterized by honesty, courage in spite of superstition, industry, intense love of home, and cheerfulness even in face of adverse circumstances, — traits "which seem to make mountaineers, of whatever race, better men than the inhabitants of plains, where life is easy." In marked contrast to these strong-willed people are the Chantos, probably of all races the nearest to the primitive Aryan stock. These Chantos live in densely populated but small and isolated oases. "Their surroundings are pretty and attractive, but not varied enough to be inspiring. A short period of hard labor suffices to provide sustenance for the whole year, and the rest of the year is given over to prolonged idleness, with leisure for more of evil than of good." Hence the Chantos, seduced by their environment, are courteous, submissive, self-indulgent, cowardly, unstable, and feeble in parental and family ties. These pictures of contrast are very simple, much more simple and condensed than in the author's account, which gives in minutest detail what we have briefly summarized. In his concluding chapter the author attempts to apply his thesis to the general course of history and human progress, especially to western Asia, North Africa, and Europe. Here Mr. Huntington touches on debatable ground, and advances views that are difficult of proof. Our space does not permit us to discuss these statements, but it is sufficient to suggest that the author sees a relationship between the financial crises and political changes in the United States and the rebellion in Chinese Turkestan, the famines in Persia and the Turkish massacres and revolts — all due in some measure to climatic variations and conditions. Whatever our conclusions may be in regard to Mr. Huntington's theories, we must allow him the credit of remarkably lucid presentation of a complex scientific question. Maps, a list of references, and especially an excellent index, enhance the physical features of the volume.

Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohmann, the author of the volume on "Tyrol: The Land in the Mountains," finds a good excuse for writing another book about this beautifully picturesque land, in the complaint of Englishmen and Americans "that there is no history, be it ever so brief a one, of the country, in the language that they can read." To supply this demand

the author writes most entertainingly of the history of Tyrol, and especially of its "old castles that bear upon their crumbling walls the impress of old age to a degree not found elsewhere." Very wittily the writer adds that both the contents of the book and the author of it possess the qualification of age. But Mr. Baillie-Grohmann needs no apology for himself or his book. His other books, especially "Sport in the Alps" and "Camps in the Rockies," are sufficient proof that he has a quick eye and a facile pen. Moreover, this volume, like his other books, is an honest piece of work, devoid of adventitious and alien interest. His history of Tyrol (he deprecates the usual designation of *the* Tyrol) is almost entirely concerned with the Middle Ages; but he brings the account of the country down to the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Around "Schloss Matzen," his own castle home, he gathers interesting stories of the ancient knights and noble ladies; of the Brenner Pass, the oldest pass in the Alps, and of the famous mediæval travellers who crossed it; of the peasantry of the past and the present; of life and art in the ancient castles; of the typical Tyrolese knights, the Frundsbergs, who lived at Matzen Castle; and of "Schloss Matzen" in modern times. Of necessity many pages in the book must be a dull catalogue of uninteresting facts and almost eventless dates; but the author seldom fails to illuminate the darkness of mediæval history with some narrative or anecdote which heightens the epic tone of his work. Tyrol has produced her giants and her strong men, and Mr. Baillie-Grohmann does not disdain to tell of them in a book carrying a heavy freight of mediæval history. To the mere "tripper" who knows Tyrol only from the piazza of an Innsbruck hotel, this book will not appeal; but to the more serious traveller and reader it will mark a valuable contribution to the history of a brave little land, rich in story and legend and strong in faith and courage. Over eighty good illustrations, showing characteristic scenes of mountains and hamlets, cottage interiors with their quaint furniture and even kitchen utensils, castle scenes with their antique curiosities and portraits of notable Tyrolese, add dignity and value to the volume. Not least among the interesting features of the book is a sketch of the author written by his American friend, Mr. Charles Landis.

"Pekin to Paris," by Señor Luigi Barzini, is the story of Prince Borghese's remarkable journey across Asia and Europe in a motor-car. On February 15, 1907, Prince Borghese, having accepted the challenge issued by the Paris "Matin," began a hasty but well-appointed preparation for the race, and soon started for Pekin, whence the race was to start. On June 10, five cars started on their eight thousand mile course. For two months the strong and heavy car "Italia" plunged or crept or ploughed or whisked through rivers, sands, quagmires, over rocks and by woodlands; sometimes it moved of its own power, sometimes it was pulled along by a host of Chinese coolies, at other times it was assisted by animal power, — but it was ever going forward. In

the Chinese Empire the party met the almost irresistible rocks of Ki-mi-ni; in the Mongolian deserts the sands were almost too much for the machine; in the Russian Empire they availed themselves of the rails of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Thus they came to the western borders of the Russian Empire, to the good roads of Germany and the better ones of France, and to their journey's end. Difficult as that journey was, the party was most fortunate in almost every stage of the trip. Had it not been for the assistance of the local and the national governments, had it not been that their fuel and lubricators were always at the appointed places, and, more than all else, had their unfortunate accidents proved serious or fatal, they could never have accomplished their purpose. Some of their escapes were hardly short of providential. Once their car plunged through a bridge, making such havoc of both bridge and car that the picture showing the catastrophe makes one marvel at the escape of the occupants of the car. Prince Borghese was "jammed between a beam and the engine of the car, crushed by it, unable to breathe. With the strength which comes to men sometimes at a crisis, he somehow raised the car for an instant and freed himself." The car was a forty horse-power machine, weighing over four thousand pounds! Notwithstanding such hindrances and accidents, the journey ended at the office of the "Matin" on August 10 — two months from the time of starting. The volume contains an interesting and modest introduction by the Prince, a hundred good illustrations, and an excellent detailed map showing the route traversed. Señor Barzini's style, as translated by Señor De Castelvecchio, is best described by Prince Borghese as vivacious: no other style could possibly do justice to the subject. Prince Borghese quite agrees with those persons who asserted that such a journey was impossible, — for "it is impossible to go by motor-car alone, comfortably seated on the cushions of the same, from Pekin to Paris."

Bottom's assertion that "a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing" is reversed in Miss Agnes Herbert's "Two Dianas in Somaliland." Miss Herbert and her cousin Cecily proved most dreadful among the lions, leopards, rhinoceroses, wolves, hyenas, deer, and "other fearful wild-fowl" — to adopt Bottom's classification. Having gathered some experience as a huntress in the Canadian Rockies, and being a niece of a famous African hunter, Miss Herbert is not a novice in big-game shooting and its requirements. After equipping for the hunt at Berbera, where, very fortunately, they procured the services of Miss Herbert's uncle's former Shikari (chief hunter) and head man, these two women (they admit being thirty years old) set out to penetrate the Ogaden country and beyond to the Marehan and the Haweera districts. Their trip, extending over four months' time, was signalized by exciting adventures, some comical, others serious, and one fatal — the last being the occasion of the death of a native who was gored to death by a wounded rhinoceros.

Miss Herbert tells of this nerve-racking accident with modest recital, leaving much to the imagination of the reader, who will readily appreciate the bravery of a woman who can fearlessly meet a maddened charging rhinoceros, and kill the animal in the face of imminent danger. At another time, Miss Herbert, who seems to have garnered her full share of the accidents, became lost in the dense thickets with a man-servant, and spent an anxious night amid the weird sounds and sights of an African jungle. Among the many interesting episodes recounted in the volume is one of a lion hunt. The party had just jumped a lion, which, after seriously injuring a native, crashed into the thick underbrush. For half an hour Miss Herbert crawled through the brush, when suddenly she saw the swishing yellow tail of the animal. So adroitly had she made her approach that the lion neither saw nor heard her. At this point Miss Herbert writes:

"The air was stifling, and oh! how heavily I weighed on my knees! . . . I carefully got my rifle. It seemed a long business. Did I really make no noise? Strange crackling rustlings sounded in my ears, as at each growl I seized the opportunity, and in the semi-obscurity of the reverberations placed myself better. The lion came more into focus. I saw his side where it sank in, then — farther. A heart-shaking second. My bullet was too low. The vast body lashed round and round. I seemed to see what my fate would be in another instant. My breath was coming in great sobs, and I wondered whether the lion was choking or I. All this was in the fraction of a moment. Then came my opportunity. His chest presented itself fair and square like a target. I pressed my second trigger, and threw myself backwards and went somehow as though the devil himself was after me."

Luckily for the lady, the lion was killed by the shot.

After resigning his commission in the Royal Field Artillery in India, in 1903, Mr. E. Crawshay Williams determined to return home to England by crossing Persia from sea to sea. In his volume entitled "Across Persia" he tells of his journey in a pleasant and leisurely manner. Sailing from Bombay, he landed at Bushire on the little island west of Persia; from Bushire he went to Shieff, in Persia, the "land of the Lion and the Sun" — though the lions no longer exist. From Shieff he set out with his caravan over the monotonous waste land, stopping at some intermediate points, and came to Dalki, beautiful in coloring, with the yellow sulphur ridges, pale green hills, high pink peaks, and greenish rivers, all under the blue Eastern sky. Passing through the mountains, the writer came to Kazerun, where he saw the first orange and pomegranate gardens: thence he travelled to the white-stoned city of ruins, Shapur. Shiraz, the city of roses and nightingales, and famous for its tombs of Hafiz and Saadi, interested our author greatly. The tombs of Xerxes, Artaxerxes, and Darius II. at Naksh-i-Rustum, and the burial-place of the great Cyrus at Sivand, were also visited and described at length. An interesting part of the book tells of a ride of two hundred and fifty miles in a victoria to Kashan, a commercial centre, and to Kum, the city of sanctity, where the Persian Westminster Abbey is situated. Teheran, the capital, is described as a

city where East and West meet—the bazaars of the East and the tram-lines of the West. Mr. Williams left Teheran and Persia by caravan. Like all travellers in Persia, he comments on the shortcomings of the Persian—especially his disregard for the truth, his dislike of work, and his propensities for thieving. Yet notwithstanding these deficiencies, Mr. Williams says a kind word for the Persian's hospitable and companionable spirit, for his good nature, his childlike unconcern and light-heartedness. Mr. Williams travelled, like Stevenson, with the hopeful heart, and his book echoes the same spirit. For these reasons his traveller's tale has charm and serenity. Picture and text are mutually helpful and interesting to the reader.

Very different from Mr. Williams's scholarly work is the volume entitled "Queer Things about Persia." The authors of this correctly named book, M. Eustache de Lorey and Mr. Douglas Sladen (the latter the author of a similarly titled book about Japan), wrote the volume by an unusual method of collaboration. M. Lorey, for two years an *attaché* to the French Legation at Teheran, furnished the materials and the experience for the book, and Mr. Sladen, who has never been in Persia, wrote down the chapters from dictation. Yet this queer collaboration about queer things in Persia has not impaired the interest of the story. Persia, however, does not mean all Persia,—it means (as Paris is France to all Parisians) Teheran, the capital of Persia; and Teheran spells, for the most part, the bazaar (five chapters are given to this topic), the palace of the King of Kings, the Shah, the harems, the Persian women, Persian politics and religion. A catalogue of the many topics treated would much resemble the extravagances of an Arabian Nights' tale. Mystic Persia, with its conglomeration of dancers, gamblers, dervishes, banquets, spices, wines, nightingales, weddings, divorces, polygamy, religious fanaticisms, astrology, superstition, lies and thefts, street dogs, hashish-smoking, and a thousand other queer things, are all presented in such colors and with such high lights that they almost form a worthy companion piece to the immortal Arabian tales read in our childhood. This is the sort of book which will appeal to the casual reader of books of travel, and it will not be uninteresting even to the well-read student of Persian life and manners.

Notwithstanding the proximity of the United States to South America, and in spite of the ostentatious paternalism manifested in the Monroe Doctrine, we as a people have only the vaguest conception of our sister continent on the Equator. England and Germany, on the other hand, are not so hazy in their perceptions of the great commercial and industrial possibilities of that naturally rich country. Dr. Albert Hale, in his book entitled "The South Americans," with the additional notation on the title-page, "The Story of the South American Republics, their Characteristics, Progress, and Tendencies; with Special Reference to their Commercial Relations with the United States," seeks

to arouse our dormant paternalism into some definite activity which will bring our land a commensurate share of South American riches. The situation is very simply stated by Dr. Hale:

"The nations of Europe are crowded and South America offers the only available land on earth into which the surplus can overflow.

"Omitting the coast-line and the Orinoco valley of Venezuela, the sugar country and the Amazon Valley of Brazil, and the upper reaches of the Paraná and Paraguay in Argentina, the remaining area, vast as it is and lying partly within the tropics or mountain snows, is as capable of supporting the white man as the United States or Canada."

Dr. Hale discusses the productive possibilities of South America in a very thorough-going manner. He presents, in a plain matter-of-fact way, the interesting and often exciting history of the principal South American States, outlines their leading geographical features, discusses their local governments and foreign relationships, and analyzes their social and mental life. No recent book on South America is so well adapted to the needs of the general reader as is this one. Its make-up and illustrations are particularly pleasing.

Another interesting and timely book on a South American subject is "The Andes and the Amazon," by Mr. C. Reginald Enoch. Ancient Peruvians represented the Spanish marauder who sacked their treasures, but modern Peruvians long for commerce, the new buccaneer, to open the desert places of her wealth and to exploit her natural advantages to the world. In some measure Mr. Enoch does advertise the natural wealth of Peru, but he does not neglect the story of her ancient days. He crossed the country from the west to the east, over the burning yellow sands, climbing the snow-covered peaks to visit the ancient habitations of a race remembered in story, and thence passed down into the fertile valleys and forests of the Amazon and the Maranon. His rovings were conducted in such a hearty spirit, with such a commendable leisure, and are written down in such a pleasing manner, that his book adds much to our rapidly accumulating library on South American affairs. Had the author, however, depended more on his kodak and less on his ill-drawn pictures of many scenes, his book would have gained in attractiveness.

Notwithstanding the fact that the automobile is now in the dull catalogue of common things, and that, in consequence, our hastening days fly on in full career, we are not likely to associate the "*gran buon macchina*" with the glories of Italian art. Yet this is exactly what Mr. Dan Fellows Platt has done; and he has associated the two without any violent shock to our artistic or nervous temperament. His volume entitled "Through Italy with Car and Camera" tells of his pilgrimage last year, from early October to late January, to more than four-score Italian towns and cities. Mr. Platt's primary purpose was to make a general review of Italian art, especially of Italian pictures. Over two hundred excellent reproductions, most of them of paintings, attest that his camera served him as well as did his motor-car.

Of the mere trip the author displays a commendable consideration in not subjecting the reader who enjoys art more than motoring to an extended recital of the haps and mishaps of the machine; nor does he go too deeply into detail in his raptures about the scenery—a truly commendable reserve; but with that touch-and-go spirit which the motor-car encourages, and the Italian scenery in the latter part of the year intensifies, he devotes his energies to the criticism of art. As a critic of art Mr. Platt is by no means commonplace and conventional. He does, indeed, cast down some of the ancient idols, but he is not a destroyer of all the cherished images. He is thankful, for instance, that Raphael did not live ten years longer. "I dread to think what the art of the great genius would have degenerated into by that time. Superlative facility dethrones Raphael. Greatest of draughtsmen, his popularity lessened his inspiration. His reputation will grow less with the centuries. However great his powers, his pictures proclaim that longer life would not have made him the equal of Michael Angelo, Titian or Velasquez." We need not argue with Mr. Platt in regard to his criticism, but we may commend his temperate expression on so radical a theory. As we glance over the many pictures in the volume, and as we study the road-map, we are inclined to say that Mr. Platt has made an ideal trip in an ideal way, and that his book is worthy of the pilgrimage.

H. E. COBLENTZ.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The latest biographer of Ibsen. Mr. Edmund Gosse has written a volume on Henrik Ibsen for the series of biographies called "Literary Lives," published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Gosse is entitled to write upon this subject because of his life-long interest in Ibsen's work, and because it was he who first gave any account of that work to the English public. Moreover, writing at the present date, he has the advantage over previous biographers in being able to make use of the Ibsen letters, and the other biographical and reminiscential matter that has appeared since the dramatist's death. There is a great deal of this material altogether, and Mr. Gosse has made good use of it. But in spite of these advantages, he has by no means, as he seems to think, made "obsolete" the standard biography of Ibsen by Henrik Jæger. That solid performance is likely to outlast many such books as the one Mr. Gosse has given us, agreeable and informing as it is, and it hardly becomes him to belittle a work which is so much more searching and philosophical than his own. One passage in the present volume may be quoted as indicative of the sanity of the writer's general conception of his subject. The "obsession of the critic to discover problems in the work of Ibsen has been one of the main causes of that impatience and even downright injustice with which his writings have been received

by a large section of those readers who should naturally have enjoyed them. He is a poet, of fantastic wit and often reckless imagination, and he has been travestied in a long black coat and white choker, as if he were an embodiment of the Nonconformist conscience." This stricture upon a great deal of current Ibsen criticism is essentially just, and Mr. Gosse is careful not to err in the same sense. Mr. Gosse also remembers that he is writing for English readers, who know next to nothing of the intellectual antecedents and environment of a Scandinavian man of letters, and his book has the meritorious quality of explaining these influences, most of which are taken for granted by Jæger, as they naturally would be by any biographer of Ibsen's own race. On one small point we can supply the writer with a bit of information that should interest him. He says that the famous narrative poem, "Terje Vigen," "will never be translated successfully into English." But it has been translated, with remarkable success, by Mr. Percy W. Shedd, and the version may be found in his volume of poems entitled "The Oceanides" published about six years ago. In connection with these comments upon the latest of Ibsen biographies we may record the fact that the eleven-volume edition of Ibsen's plays, prepared under the supervision of Mr. William Archer, has at last been completed. The volume which now fills the set is noteworthy for including Professor C. H. Herford's version of "Love's Comedy," which is only less remarkable than the same translator's version of "Brand." These two works, in their English form, are so vastly superior to the Archer translations in whose company they are included that they constitute a class by themselves.

Further advice from the Burbank The new edition of Mr. W. S. Harwood's "New Creations in Plant Life" (Macmillan) consists in bringing to the earlier volume with the same title two new chapters designed to give the reader more perfect knowledge of "spineless" cacti, Carnegie subventions, and new horticultural experiments, and in general to bring the history of the "acts" of Mr. Burbank down to date. In these chapters, the same florid and inflated style, the same extravagance of statement, which have marked all of Mr. Harwood's writing, still appear. The more is the pity; for Mr. Burbank has really done some very good work, and his services to California and to the world should not be rendered ridiculous by bombast and over-praise. Our author seems to ignore entirely the fact that there have been other gardeners in the world, that there are other countries than California, and other fruits than those originating in Santa Rosa. Even the vaunted cactus as presented here is made to play a role of extreme uncertainty. Surprising as it may seem, a cactus is nevertheless, in all that goes to make up vegetation, exactly like any other green plant. It must have light, it must have water and food of various sorts. The cactus differs from its congeners chiefly in that it can retain for a long

time water once absorbed. No cactus can live without water, much less create it. The cactus can endure drouth; it can stand on the desert and wait for rain, store the rain when it comes, using it slowly and waiting for the rain to come again; but the amount and rapidity of growth for the cactus, as for any other green plant, depends upon the amount of food and water it can secure. It is said that ninety-five per cent of the cactus produced at Santa Rosa is water. Probably so; but such an amount of water absorbed by the cactus indicates an amount of rainfall far in excess of that of an ordinary desert; so that even if we have in the spineless cactus a plant suitable for forage, the chances that it may ever occupy the desert are simply those of successful irrigation — nothing more. It is claimed at Santa Rosa that in the newly "created" cacti, dwellers in the desert are to find a new and unfailing food supply. Now it would no doubt be, but unfailing, even if acceptable, is more than doubtful. Hungry humanity is likely long to go hungry still, or ever it find in tuna roasts and opuntia puddings the relief from starvation which Mr. Harwood's enthusiasm would point out to "those who live where famine stalks." It were to be hoped that the new relations in which Mr. Burbank stands with the Carnegie foundation would at length give to the world a reasonable and credible scientific account of what is actually being accomplished in these present-day gardens of Hesperis. As said at the outset, Mr. Burbank has really done some good work, but the critical reader of "New Creations in Plant Life" will be still uncertain both as to its amount and kind.

Commencement addresses of the right sort. University and college addresses are beginning to take up a rather large space on the library shelf. One of the latest volumes to reach our hand embodies the counsel of Dr. Albert Shaw to various student bodies, and bears as its title "The Outlook for the Average Man" (Macmillan). Any address at a commencement or similar occasion is bound to be optimistic, so we may merely pray that the optimism will be sane and sanely presented. As we should expect, our prayer is fulfilled in the case of Dr. Shaw. He does not blink the existence of tremendous social and economic problems; but he bids the young man face them hopefully, "believing in our people, our country, our institutions." On capitalism and materialism we shall see reared the stately structure of a higher civilization. In the process we need not shrink from realities: the man who offers the farmer an effective commercial fertilizer to spread on his fields "is a veritable angel for the spread of sweetness and light." "There is as much room for the delightful play of the faculty of imagination in the successful conduct of a soap business as in writing poetry." The forceful words of this last sentence, however, are slightly misleading if taken by themselves; for our speaker does look eagerly and hopefully beyond the material soap factory to the ultimately more

satisfying bubbles of idealism. The latest half dozen volumes similar to the present work compel an older man to think of the change from the commencement address as it flourished thirty years ago. To-day the young man does not hear so much about "hitching his wagon to a star," and a great deal more about "whether a college education pays." It is true that the speakers invariably conclude that education does pay, and always introduce a little savor of the ideal; but the change is very striking, and, to some of us at least, not altogether comforting. When all is said and done the wagon and the star had something final on their side. To return to Dr. Shaw, we may say that his volume, although frankly remaining a series of talks rather than a book, has more unity than most collections of this sort; and that it is hopeful and helpful. His methods of expression are too well known to need comment; but in one paragraph we seemed to feel in our heart an old-fashioned craving for *shall* instead of *will*. The arrangement of the printed page, with its marginal summaries, is a real boon to the busy reading eye.

A short treatise on a large theme. Mr. F. H. Matthews's little book on "The Principles of Intellectual Education" (Putnam) shows that the writer is thoroughly familiar with the ideas of both of the great German schools of pedagogy, — the outgoing activity emphasized by Froebel, and the inworking of the world upon the growing mind which is the foundation of Herbart's doctrine. The very fact that one could not well say that the author leans distinctly to either side shows that he is not a slavish follower but a self-respecting thinker. To most readers, the most interesting chapter will be that on the study of foreign languages. Four languages are in the field (for the English school), Latin, Greek, French, and German. The author argues cogently for a modern rather than an ancient language to be studied first; then, rather to our surprise, for German in preference to French; finally, to our great satisfaction, for Greek in preference to Latin. Space does not permit any extended report of his arguments: they are well worth the attention of teachers, especially those on the literary side of the curriculum. Not a few ancient superstitions are demolished by the reasoning *en route*; for example, the supposititious value of the complexity of Latin: "If this argument is to be pressed, we may as well adopt the most complicated language that can be found — Russian, perhaps, or at all events Greek" (p. 83). Old "formal discipline" is hardly used: "To regard, as some have done, the learning of the first declension as of inestimable value in itself — what is this but to talk sheer nonsense?" (p. 83). It is good to find even an English writer discarding the use of the term "humanities" to denote the classic literatures and languages — a usage which has been abolished by the progress of the world and should be abandoned by thoughtful persons. The humanities are of course what they always were — literature, history, biography, and

what Mr. Matthews calls "geographical history or historical geography." To the vast majority to-day, and doubtless to the increasing majority, these subjects are revealed through the vernacular, not through any learned tongue. For the child, our author wisely advises, biography is the true form of humanistic culture. To teachers of English literature in all climes his parable from "Alice in Wonderland" is to be commended: "I am so hot and thirsty," says Alice. "I know what you'd like," the Queen said good-naturedly. "Have a biscuit?" The book has yet one merit that is far too rare in these days: it is delightfully short — only a hundred and thirty pages; one actually is sorry there is not more of it, and what greater compliment than this can be paid to a book on a serious subject?

Earthquakes: their causes and results. The great interest in earthquakes which was awakened in this country by the San Francisco disaster more than justifies the new work on this subject by Professor William Herbert Hobbs, of the Department of Geology in the University of Michigan. The rate of progress of seismology at the present time is very rapid. Old ideas are being exploded, and new theories are coming to the front. The relations of our geological knowledge of the structure of the earth's crust to the location of areas subject to frequent earthquakes are being better understood. To various phases of the subject the author has already contributed several scientific monographs, but in the present work he displays signal ability in popularizing the results of scientific inquiry. No intelligent layman can look at this book without being interested, or can read it without substantial gain in knowledge. After a brief historical review of earthquake theories from the times of the Greek philosophers downward, the author devotes half a dozen chapters to present-day explanations of the causes of these disturbances, and the broad lines of their results as manifested in the changes wrought upon the earth's surface. The much neglected topic of the influence of seismic disturbances upon the flow of streams — above ground and subterranean — receives due attention. Four chapters are devoted to accounts of great earthquakes, from that which destroyed Lisbon in 1755 down to the catastrophes at San Francisco and Kingston. Sea-quakes receive brief mention. The various forms of instruments for measuring the magnitude and form of earth tremors are described, and the earth autographs which they give are interpreted. The book is finely illustrated with twenty-four full-page plates and one hundred and twelve text illustrations. (Appleton.)

Chapters in the history of Culture. Among the *desiderata* of literary history enumerated by the late Ferdinand Brunetière was a history of the study of the classics in all ages and countries. This want has now been met, and the partial or sketchy treatises of Grifenhahn, Heeren, Bursian, and more recently Gudeman, have been in large

measure superseded for English readers by Dr. Sandys's "History of Classical Scholarship" (Cambridge University Press; New York: Putnam), of which the second edition of the first volume now appears, revised and enlarged from 672 to 702 pages. The much anticipated second volume, which will continue the history from the end of the Middle Ages through the Renaissance down to the present day, is announced as in the press. The whole will constitute an indispensable work of reference, and for serious readers a readable chapter in the general history of civilization and culture. For its classical scholarship is no small part of the culture of the most scientific and modern century, and for such periods as the Renaissance and Middle Ages it is the foundation and presupposition of the whole. Dr. Sandys, who in his leisure hours is "Public Orator in the University of Cambridge," had already, in his edition of Aristotle's *Politeia*, shown his skill in the compilation and presentation in serviceable shape of great collections of facts. The present work exhibits on a larger scale his happy combination of English sanity and German erudition. To summarize or criticize this vast mass of detail would be obviously impossible, and to single out some isolated point for animadversion and dissent is obviously unfair. Suffice it to say that the work, parallel but not identical in theme with Professor Saintsbury's "History of Criticism," though it still leaves open the great subject of the influence of the classics in other literatures, more than fulfills the promise of its title. It is for many periods virtually a history of literature from a special point of view. The entire literatures of Greece and Rome are surveyed in the endeavor to bring out everything of critical or philological significance. And the bibliographies, the chapter and verse citations in the foot-notes, the chronological tables, the illustrations, and the full index, combine to make this one of the most valuable works of ready reference upon the scholar's shelf.

Pioneers of American literature. Mrs. Annie Russell Marble believes that our literary pioneers deserve a share of the attention that we are bestowing so generously upon the soldiers and statesmen who were their contemporaries. Their work, she admits, was often immature and crude, but it helped to establish literary standards, and its services in shaping our government and in encouraging our industries and our educational system were invaluable. And if the poems, plays, novels, and pamphlets of these early writers make dull reading to-day, their lives are generally eventful and interesting enough to repay study. Professor Moses Coit Tyler confined his studies to Colonial and Revolutionary literature. Mrs. Marble, in her "Heralds of American Literature," treats individuals rather than groups or periods, and extends her researches to include the early days of our national period. Much of her material is original, and many of her illustrations reproduce rare prints and interesting

title-pages or illustrations of inaccessible volumes. An extensive bibliography, carefully classified, a full index, and careful annotation will commend the book to students. Mrs. Marble writes fully and entertainingly of Francis Hopkinson, Philip Freneau, John Trumbull, Joseph Dennie, William Dunlop, and Charles Brockden Brown; and notwithstanding her prejudice against classification by eras and localities she has entitled one chapter "A Group of Hartford Wits." It will be noticed that all these writers, unlike the diarists and statesmen who preceded them and whose contribution to literature was purely occasional, produced more or less professional work. Together they make up the epoch of transition which was speedily to mature in the work of Irving, Poe, and the New England school. This era is barely touched upon in Professor Barrett Wendell's "History of American Literature," to the earlier chapters of which Mrs. Marble's book makes an admirable supplement. (University of Chicago Press.)

Child-life in an Italian household. The story of her own early years which Miss Cipriani tells in "A Tuscan Childhood" (Century Co.)

might seem little out of the ordinary to Italian readers, but to Americans it has the interest of constantly suggested contrast. Would it be possible to impose the system of the Cipriani household on American children? and if so, what would be the result? This system divided the family of seven into two mutually exclusive groups, prescribed with almost military exactness the hours for the activities of each group, and forbade asking questions, making complaints, or speaking to strangers. But there were intellectual liberties to match material restraints. From English nurses and German governesses and tutors the children learned to speak four languages by the time they were seven years old, and acquired a cosmopolitan store of ideas. They walked and travelled and read, and were cultivated far beyond American children of equal age. Miss Cipriani's story is told with delightful simplicity, and with little attempt at the child-study method. With generosity and good literary judgment she shares the place of leading character with her mother, whose early life was even more interesting than her own. The book has an attractively pictured cover, but otherwise is without illustrations.

The "Urne-Buriall" in sumptuous dress. Probably there are not many nowadays who read "that wonderful book," as Walter Pater called it, — the "Hydriotaphia, or Urne-Buriall." But even were their number fewer than it is, the sumptuous reprint just issued from the Riverside Press would not lack for welcome, as the edition of less than four hundred copies should be all too small to satisfy those who will covet the volume for the sake of its beautiful externals. The book is a thin quarto, printed on handmade paper from the "Brimmer" type, with marginal notes in italics. As in all the Riverside Press editions, typography and presswork

are faultless. A wood-engraved title-page by Mr. M. Lamont Brown, and an elaborately-stamped cover of crimson leather, are pleasing decorative features. Certainly Sir Thomas Browne's cheerless but eloquent classic has never received a worthier setting, nor is it likely to hereafter. It should be said that the text, with some slight modifications, follows that of the first edition, printed in 1658.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published a new and cheaper edition of Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell's "Syria: the Desert and the Sown." The many illustrations from photographs which appeared in the first issue of the book are reproduced, and do much to stimulate interest in Miss Bell's account of her adventurous journey through the Holy Land.

Since the publication, in 1900, of "The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks," an abridgement has often been called for, on the ground that many people who would like to know something of Phillips Brooks have not time to read so full a biography. In many cases, too, the cost might be prohibitive. Accordingly, the author of the longer life, Dr. Alexander V. G. Allen, has finally prepared a biography in the compass of one thick octavo volume (Dutton), aiming to present in condensed form the essentials of the great preacher's life and the spirit of his teachings.

Appropriate to the recent Whittier centenary celebration, and forming a most desirable souvenir of that occasion, is the little volume lately issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. containing a sketch of the poet's life by Mr. Bliss Perry, and a score of Whittier's poems illustrating the circumstances of his boyhood and the spiritual view-points of his various periods. Two portraits, rarely if ever before reproduced, illustrate the volume. Besides the regular edition, some four hundred copies have been printed on larger and better paper, with uncut edges and the portraits in photogravure. For those who appreciate fine book-making, this latter edition will be found well worth the difference in price.

The latest volume in "The Connoisseur's Library" (Putnams) has for its subject "Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Work." Mr. Nelson Dawson is the author. His point of view differs from that of the writers of many other collectors' manuals in that he seeks to emphasize artistic workmanship rather than the factitious values dependent upon rarity and uniqueness. He makes no attempt at strict classification or characterization of the collective work of any period. His method is rather to select representative specimens, from Etruscan and Mycenaean periods down to eighteenth century English work, and to give a detailed account of the appearance and special attractions of each object. The result is a history of antique gold and silver work, treated from the artist's point of view. There are no formal accounts of great craftsmen, but the methods that differentiated the productions of all the old workmen from those of their successors of to-day are explained, and a plea is made for a return to the better times when the design and the execution were under the supervision, if not in the hands, of one man. The plates, which are photogravures of fine quality, reproduce over a hundred and twenty-five articles in gold or silver, and there are other smaller illustrations in the text.

NOTES.

The Oliver Ditson Co. publish "Counterpoint Simplified," a text-book in the elements of the subject, the work of Mr. Francis L. York.

"The Welfare of Children" is the title of a useful reading list on the care of dependent children, prepared and issued by the Brooklyn Public Library.

A series of articles on the life and ministry of the late David Swing has been prepared by Rev. Joseph Newton, and will appear in forthcoming issues of "Unity," the Chicago weekly.

To the series entitled "Modern Poets and Christian Teaching," published by Messrs. Eaton & Mains, a volume on Elizabeth Barrett Browning has now been added, the work of Mrs. Martha Foote Crow.

A text of "Practical Physics," in two volumes, for the use of colleges and technical schools, is published by the Messrs. Macmillan. It is the joint work of Messrs. W. S. Franklin, C. M. Crawford, and Barry Macnutt.

Dr. George M. Gould, of Philadelphia, who knew Lafcadio Hearn intimately, has written a volume on this strange genius, which is to be published by George W. Jacobs & Co. A complete bibliography by Mr. Arthur Stedman accompanies the volume.

The "First Book in Latin," by Messrs. A. J. Inglis and Virgil Prettyman, is published in a second edition by the Macmillan Co. From the same publishers we have Stevenson's "The Master of Ballantrae," issued as a "Pocket Classic," and edited by Mr. H. Adelbert White.

In the "Temple Greek and Latin Classics," published by the Messrs. Putnam, we have "The Odes and Epodes of Horace," the metrical translation by Mr. John Marshall, here printed to face the Latin text. There are a few notes, and there is also a biographical introduction.

Two unusually valuable additions to the "Studies in English" of Columbia University are sent us by the Macmillan Co. One of them is an historical account of "The Early American Novel," by Miss Lillie Deming Loshe; the other is a study of "Sir Walter Scott as a Critic of Literature," by Miss Margaret Ball.

Two new volumes of Mr. Albert F. Calvert's "Spanish Series," published by the John Lane Co., have for their respective subjects "Velasquez" and "Leon, Burgos, and Salamanca." No less than 462 full-page plates are given with the latter volume, which makes us marvel more than ever at the small price set upon the books of this series.

A series of twenty-two lectures is now in progress at Columbia University, in each of which some specialist describes the recent achievements and present status of his own subject. These lectures are to be published as separate pamphlets at the Columbia University Press, and two are now at hand:—"Physics," by Professor E. F. Nichols; and "Mathematics," by Professor C. J. Keyser.

The Macmillan Co. publish "Who's Who" for 1908, which means the sixtieth annual issue of that invaluable book of reference. Despite deaths, the list grows steadily longer, and now occupies well over two thousand pages of closely-printed matter. The number of American entries seems to be increasing, but we have never been able to understand the capricious principle of their selection.

Mr. Charles Welsh, compiler of the "Golden Treasury of Irish Songs and Lyrics," has nearly ready for publication a collection of sea songs, entitled "Songs for Sailors." While it contains many of the classic sea songs of British origin, the greater part of the anthology consists of songs inspired by events in the history of our own navy.

Following closely upon the publication of Dr. Horace Howard Furness's new volume of the Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, "Antony and Cleopatra," comes the announcement from Lippincott's that another volume of this edition will be issued early in the new year. This will be "Richard III.," edited by Mr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., and will bring the total number of volumes to sixteen.

Holger Drachmann, as the "Athenaeum" tells us, is to be buried at Skagen, the fishing village that often figures in his poetry and prose. Here his ashes will be placed in a sandhill facing the North Sea. The cremation took place in Copenhagen, and the urn was carried with the escort of a torchlight procession to the steamer. The poet left several completed MSS., including some plays and a novel.

Promoters of school entertainments will be grateful to the Misses Elizabeth McFadden and Lilian Davis for their compilation of "A Selected List of Plays for Amateurs and Students of Dramatic Expression in Schools and Colleges." All interests are here represented, including such special ones as plays for children, out-door plays, and Christmas plays. The book is obtainable from Miss McFadden, Box 328, Cincinnati.

Dr. W. J. Rolfe, the well-known Shakespearian scholar, recently celebrated his eightieth birthday by the completion of a new volume, entitled "Shakespeare Proverbs." The selection of proverbs, maxims, aphorisms, and apothegms included in the forthcoming volume was originally made by Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, who selected from the plays only. Additional selections from the sonnets and other poems of Shakespeare have been made by Dr. Rolfe, who also contributes an introduction and notes.

"John Chinaman at Home" (Scribner's), the Rev. E. J. Hardy's lively sketches of "Men, Manners, and Things in China," has recently attained the popularity of a third edition. As chaplain to the British forces at Hong Kong for three years, Mr. Hardy had rather unusual opportunities for observing Chinese ways; and he was thoroughly on the alert to utilize them. His account of what he saw, heard, and did in China is informal, direct, and thoroughly readable. The photographic illustrations are excellent.

Mr. Arthur Elson's "Music Club Programs from All Nations," published by the Oliver Ditson Co., is something more of a book than its title would indicate. Although not a large one, it gives us, in addition to a great number of concert programmes, judiciously arranged to exhibit national traits in musical composition, a number of sets of questions for class study, and a text which is a skeleton history and biographical dictionary of modern music. The illustrations are groups of portraits, and give us many modern faces that have not yet become familiar to music-lovers.

The American Book Co. add to their "Gateway Series" a volume of "Selections from Irving's Sketch-Book," edited by Professor Martin W. Sampson; and "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," edited by the late Albert Henry Smyth. From the same publishers

we have a book on "The Short Story," edited by Professor Brander Matthews. The volume consists essentially of specimens illustrative of the development of this literary form beginning with the "Gesta Romanorum" and Boccaccio, and coming down to living writers, three of whom are represented. The editor contributes some fifty pages of critical matter, which are highly interesting, both because they exhibit a man riding a hobby, and because they provide a sympathetic and penetrating study of the subject.

Professor Lane Cooper has edited a work on "Theories of Style" that will be found highly useful by students and teachers of literature. A selection from Wackernagel on the general theory of style is placed in the forefront of the volume, and is followed by extracts from Plato, Aristotle, and Longinus, among the ancients, and from Swift, Buffon, Voltaire, Goethe, Coleridge, De Quincey, Thoreau, Schopenhauer, Spencer, Lewes, Stevenson, Pater, Brunetière, and Mr. Frederic Garrison, among the moderns. There is a select bibliography, and the extracts are provided with notes, but not enough to swamp them. (Macmillan.)

Several notable volumes of poetry and the drama are announced for spring publication by the Macmillan Co. The promise of several hitherto unknown poems by Tennyson, as well as of a series of his own notes on his works, is perhaps of the greatest significance. Then there is a new volume of poems by Alfred Noyes, one of the most promising of the younger generation in England, and new dramas by Stephen Phillips and William Butler Yeats. Mr. Phillips has written a "Faust" which is to be produced in London by Mr. Beerbohm Tree before the close of the present season. Mr. Yeats' new drama, "The Unicorn from the Stars," which he wrote in collaboration with Lady Gregory, has already been played in Dublin, and will be published in a volume along with "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" and a revised edition of "The Hour Glass." The American drama is represented by Mr. Percy MacKaye, with "The Scarecrow," the first prose drama from his hand to be published.

The death of Daniel Collamore Heath, at Newtonville Mass., on January 29 last, removes from the American publishing fraternity one of its oldest and most respected members, and from American public life an earnest worker for civic and national betterment. Born in 1843, Mr. Heath was prepared for college at the Nichols Latin School in Lewiston, Maine, and was graduated from Amherst College in the class of '68. For the next two years he was principal of the high school in Southboro, Mass., and then devoted two years to study at the Bangor Theological Seminary. Turning again to educational affairs, after a year of travel abroad, he became supervisor of schools at Farmington, Maine. After serving in that capacity for a year he entered the book business, and in 1874 represented in Rochester, N. Y., the publishing firm of Ginn Brothers. A year later he opened a branch house for the firm in New York City, where he remained for some months. In 1876 he became a member of the firm, under the title of Ginn & Heath, Boston. This relation continued until 1886, when he disposed of his partnership interest and started in business on his own account in educational publishing as head of the well-known house of D. C. Heath & Company. In the cause of civil service reform Mr. Heath did much efficient service, and he was one of those who most earnestly deplored our national imperialistic exploits of the past few years.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 71 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

A Princess of Intrigue: Anne Geneviève de Bourbon, Duchesse de Longueville, and her Times. By H. Noel Williams. In 2 vols. illus. in photogravure, etc. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 745. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.50 net.

Thomas Alva Edison: Sixty Years of an Inventor's Life. By Francis Arthur Jones. Illus. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 362. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$2. net.

Memoirs of a Russian Governor. By Prince Serge Dmitrievich Urusov; trans. and edited by Herman Rosenthal. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 181. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50 net.

James Thomson. By G. C. Macaulay. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 259. "English Men of Letters." Macmillan Co. 75 cts. net.

See Kings of Britain: Hawkins to Blake. By G. A. R. Calender. With maps, 12mo, pp. 215. Longmans, Green, & Co. The Confessions and Autobiography of Harry Orchard. Illus., 12mo, pp. 255. McClure Co.

HISTORY.

The Inquisition in the Spanish Dependencies. By Charles Henry Lea. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 554. Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.

Analytical Index to "The American Nation." By David M. Matheson. 8vo, pp. 386. Harper & Brothers. \$2. net.

The American Constitution. By Frederic Jesup Stimson. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 259. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Apologia Diffidentis. By W. Compton Leith. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 212. John Lane Co. \$2.50 net.

The Inward Light. By H. Fielding Hall. 12mo, pp. 228. Macmillan Co. \$1.75 net.

Women and Other Women: Essays in Wisdom. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. 16mo, pp. 221. Duffield & Co. \$1.20 net.

Aphorisms and Reflections from the Works of T. H. Huxley. Selected by Henrietta A. Huxley. With photogravure portrait, 16mo, uncut, pp. 300. "Golden Treasury Series." Macmillan Co. \$1.

Columbia University Press Studies in English. New vols.: The Early American Novel, by Lillie Deming Loshe; Sir Walter Scott as a Critic of Literature, by Margaret Ball. Each 8vo. Macmillan Co. Paper, per vol. \$1. net.

The Sanity of Art. By Bernard Shaw. 16mo, pp. 113. New York: Benjamin R. Tucker. 75 cts.

The Use of the Margin. By Edward Howard Griggs. 16mo, pp. 64. "The Art of Life Series." New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cts. net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. Annotated by Alfred Tennyson and edited by Hallam Tennyson. Everley Edition; in 6 vols. Vol. I., with photogravure portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 367. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

Hamlet and the Ur-Hamlet: Text of the Second Quarto of 1604, with a conjectural Text of the alleged Kyd Hamlet preceding it. With Introduction by Appleton Morgan. 8vo, uncut. New York: The Shakespeare Press.

The Taming of the Shrew. Edited by W. G. Boswell-Stone. "The Old-Spelling Shakespeare." 8vo, pp. 98. Duffield & Co. \$1. net.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

The Sorrowful Princess. By Eva Gore-Booth. 12mo, uncut, pp. 92. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.

Weeds and Wild Flowers. By Mowry Bell. 12mo, uncut, pp. 119. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.25.

Lyrics and Idyls. By Nellie C. T. Herbert. 12mo, uncut, pp. 119. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.25.

Out of the Depths. By Carrie B. Vaughan. 12mo, uncut, pp. 74. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.25.

Fagots of Cedar. By Ivan Swift. Illus. in tint, 8vo, pp. 38. Chicago: The Outer's Book Press. \$2.

Pocket Tokens and Other Poems. By Vernon Wade Wagar. 12mo, uncut, pp. 62. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.

Songs of Many Days. By Florence Evelyn Pratt. 12mo, uncut, pp. 80. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.

An Illuminated Way. By Frances Coan Percy. 12mo, uncut, pp. 123. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.

The Breath of the Mountains. By Beverley Doran. 12mo, uncut, pp. 79. Boston: The Poet Lore Co. \$1.

Magdalene of France: An Historical Drama. By Ernest Hugh Fitzpatrick. Illus., \$vo, pp. 62. Pontiac, Ill.: Sentinel Publishing Co.

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